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Pro-Slavery.

From Mordecai Noah's Sunday Times.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Sambo, although he cannot vote, is destined to exert an important influence on the approaching contest for the Presidency; and as the silent partner, who furnishes the main capital of a political firm whose bids are in the market, he is deserving, in diplomatic phrase, of "distinguished consideration." Until within a few years he lived happily in his Southern home—his sleek person, shining ebony face, and hearty yah-yah! presenting to eye and ear the very *beau ideal* of contented labour. But abolitionism found him at work among the cotton and tobacco, and informed him that he had a higher and nobler destiny; instigated him to rebel against the patriarchal government of his superiors, and enticed him away from his bread and butter. It felt his woolly head, and informed him that it contained quite as much intellect as his master's, and that his brawn and muscle would be better employed in striking down those who fed, sheltered, and provided a home for him in his declining years, than in the plebeian occupation of cultivating the soil. Sambo listened, and as the arguments were as clear as that two and two make five—which is about the character and extent of his mathematical knowledge—he believed. Straightway he became lazy, saucy, and disobedient. These manifestations of a capacity for self-government, instead of improving his condition, checked the disposition to remove his disabilities by a safe and gradual process, which had begun to manifest itself throughout the South. This is all that abolitionism did or could do, for Sambo; and each incendiary effort that it makes with his cooperation, will only serve to rivet and tighten his chains. It can never accomplish the overthrow of the Church and the Constitution; and according to its own official proclamation, it is only over their ruins that the exodus of Sambo can be accomplished. If that should ever be made an armed issue, Sambo, instead of being emancipated, will be exterminated.

And while Abolitionism is thus embittering the condition of the blacks, and implanting hostility and rancor between masters and dependents who had so long dwelt together in peace and harmony, what is it doing for the whites? It is breaking up not only party associations and organizations, but the friendly relations of State with State, and section with section. It strikes directly at the national unity, and glories in the deed. Even now, at the very time when the example of the United States promises to republicanize the world, it preaches a crusade against the Constitution, in the observance of whose compromises lies the only hope of national perpetuity.

This is what Abolitionism is doing and seeking to do for black and white, and fealty to its fanaticism is treason to our country and its institutions.

From the New Orleans Delta.

ANNEXATION—JAMAICA—CUBA—YUCATAN.

The revolutions in Europe have communicated new vigour to the cause of annexation in this quarter of the globe. The continental powers of the Old World, compelled to keep all their attention fixed, and all their resources concentrated in resisting the alarming encroachments of the popular will at home, are necessarily compelled to leave their distant colonies to take care of themselves. The latter, suffering under the neglect, and the still more hurtful experiments and oppressive legislation of the mother-country, and fearing worse changes, are casting about for relief, for an asylum, for safety. Those rich European colonies, the islands in our neighbourhood, naturally look to this great Republic as their most available ally, friend, and protector, in case they cut loose from the old nations, to fill whose coffers to repletion, they have been so long oppressed and trodden upon.

Jamaica, the great English West Indian possession, where so many Englishmen have accumulated fortunes to spend at home, has been utterly ruined and prostrated by the Emancipation Act. The white population is rapidly disappearing from this beautiful and productive island, and the blacks are sinking deeper and deeper in sloth and worthlessness every year of their emancipation. Farms are being sold, broken up, abandoned, and where broad and teeming fields of rich cane once delighted the vision, there are now only rank weeds and wild vines. To complete the misfortune of the planters of Jamaica, the reduction of the sugar duties has compelled them to compete with slave-grown sugar. Despairing of all relief from England, the whites have awoke to the immense advantages which would accrue to them from annexation to this Union, and they are seriously agitating the subject. We alluded a few days ago, to the opinions openly avowed in that island by the *Dispatch* newspaper; and, in further proof of the existence of this feeling, we refer to a communication of our paper of to-day, signed "Alpha," written by a gentleman just from Jamaica, who has resided there twelve years.

Next in the class of petitioners for annexation, comes that brightest jewel in the crown of Spain, the sentinel of the Gulf of Mexico, the Island of Cuba. Wedded, as the people of this rich isle have been, to the old Government, whose mild and paternal dominion, in the early history of the colony, contributed so largely to that prosperity which has since ripened to such a degree of luxuriance, that even the exorbitant exactions of the now tottering throne of old Spain, cannot check its growth, the chief weight of sustaining the expensive and corrupt dynasty which succeeded to the throne of Frederick and Isabella, has fallen upon Cuba, whose enormous contributions to the treasury of the mother-country have preserved its government, on more than one occasion, from utter bankruptcy and downfall. But, strong as are the old affections and ties of Cuba for the mother-country, her people are not blind to the present uncertain aspect of affairs.—When the old household is about to be broken up—when its foundation shakes, and its turrets topple—when the earth around is cracked into gaping chasms, and many a proud edifice is seen to sink into the fathomless abyss—it is time for each member to take care of himself, to look out for a shelter and refuge. The *Cubaneros* are not, more than the rest of humanity, devoid of selfishness—of the instinct of self-preservation. They see clearly that Spain must go by the board, like the rest of the monarchies, and they apprehend a fate much more to be dreaded, or rather, far less desirable, than that of annexation to their nearest neighbour, and largest customer, the United States. The threat made by Lord G. Bentinck, in the House of Commons, to appropriate Cuba in satisfaction of the English creditors of Spain, has justly alarmed the *Cubaneros*. The fate of Jamaica has impressed them with an awful dread of English government. They have consequently deliberated upon the advantages of annexation to the United States; and the agents of a powerful party, organized for that purpose, are now in this country, with a view of bringing forward and canvassing the *projet*. So warm is their solicitation on the subject, that they are prepared, we understand, to advocate the tender of a large *bonus* to the United States, to induce us to take them under our protection. As much, if not more, than we give for our Mexican possessions, already captured by our arms, the *Cubaneros* are willing to give, as a mar-riage dowry to Brother Jonathan to induce him to wed the beautiful Queen of the Gulf.

What portion of our family will be willing to accept the tempting offer? Assuming that all sections of our Union are influenced by self-interest—by local considerations—we think that the North at least must perceive that its resources would be vastly augmented—its strength increased—by the addition of Cuba to this Confederacy. The North would have the carrying trade—the supply of Cuba with manufactures, lumber, and the agricultural products not raised in that island; and they would get, in return, cheaper sugar, coffee, cocoa, and fruits. The South would receive little if any advantage from the measure, whilst the interests of a valuable agricultural product of this region might be seriously affected by it. The great West would profit largely by the annexation of an island where its chief products will always find a ready market. But the wealth of the whole Union—and, consequently, all its parts—would, no doubt, be greatly promoted, by adding to our territory this rich and productive island.

Possessed of Cuba, we have but one more acquisition to make to give us command of the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean of this Continent. Yucatan must be ours; a valuable country, abounding in rich vegetable wealth, and capable of sustaining a very considerable commerce. We might fairly take possession of this peninsula as a waif, treasure-trove, having no responsible owner or proprietor. The naked Indians who are now rapidly annihilating the whites, if they succeed in gaining complete possession of it, will soon sink this valuable State into utter barbarity and sterility. Content to roam in the forests and pursue a predatory life, these Indians, who are a cross breed of an inferior race of aborigines and of negroes, possessing none of the intelligent and amiable qualities of the descendants of the Aztec races, are utterly unfit for any civilized political or social organization. President Polk and our Congress are determined to interfere to prevent the slaughter of the white population. Such interference will prove the inevitable precurser of annexation. When the aid afforded by us to the whites to enable them to make a temporary stand against the Indians is withdrawn, it is not probable that the latter will be the less ferocious and determined, or the former better prepared to meet the resumption of hostilities which must follow such withdrawal. The annexation of Yucatan to this Republic is effected the moment an American soldier is landed in that State, with a view to an interference in the struggle now going on between the whites and the blacks.

With Jamaica, Cuba, and Yucatan, the United States will occupy a position like unto that of old Rome, when, with the pillars of Hercules on the West, Syria and Egypt on the East, Italy and Germania on the North, and Lybia and Carthage on the South, and thus commanding the great *Mare Internum*, she proudly claimed to be, and was universally recognized as the *Mistress of the World!*

Selections.

From the [St. Louis, Mo.] Liberia Advocate.

PALMYRA, Mo. March 25, 1848.

Rev. R. S. Finley:—DEAR SIR—While the public attention is awakening to a proper sense of the condition of our free negro population, every fact which is calculated to exhibit the natural capacity of the negro mind to enforce the propriety of relieving their great wants, morally, religiously, mentally, will not fail to claim its appropriate share of interest. I enclose you, therefore, the following correspondence between Benjamin Bannaker and our illustrious Jefferson.

But who was Benjamin Bannaker, is a question that will be asked, and should be answered here.

Benjamin Bannaker was a negro of full blood; his father was a native of Africa; his mother the child of natives. He was born in Baltimore county, Md. near Ellicott's Mills, in 1732. His parents being in indigent circumstances, his youth was principally devoted to labour for their support. In the intervals of rest from his daily toil, he turned his attention to the acquisition of knowledge.

For a short period he was a pupil at an obscure country school; with this exception, Bannaker was his own teacher: the solitary and cheerless patron of a name that rose superior to *every obstacle which in this country could oppose the exertions of a poor negro boy*, and took its rank with the greatest minds of the day.

Among the rudimental studies, arithmetic was his favourite; thence he discovered a natural bent for the highest branches of mathematics; and at length became distinguished as a first rate astronomer.—Never ceasing to labour with his hands, he yet found leisure to calculate the return and departure of comets, the revolutions of the planets, and project the solar and lunar eclipses, renewing the works and correcting the errors of such great lights of science as Fergusson and Leadbenter. From 1781 to 1802, Bannaker furnished the calculations for Almanacs for Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

He died in 1804, and left behind a name honourably associated with that of Rittenhouse, Condorcet, Franklin and Jefferson.

But I am detaining you from the correspondence. Here it is, as extracted from a memoir from the pen of Mr. Satiobe. I am, very sincerely.

Your friend,
S. T. GLOVER.

MARYLAND, Baltimore County, near Ellicott's Lower Mills, August 19th, 1791.

Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State:

SIR:—I am fully sensible of the greatness of that freedom I take with you on the present occasion—a liberty which seemed to me scarcely allowable, when I reflected on that distinguished and dignified station in which you stand, and the almost general prejudice and prepossession which is so prevalent in the world against those of my complexion.

I suppose it is a truth too well attested to need a proof here, that we are a race of beings who have laboured under the abuse and censure of the world; that we have long been considered rather as *brutish* than *human* and scarcely capable of mental endowments.

Sir, I hope I may safely admit in consequence of that report which hath reached me, that you are a man far less inflexible to sentiments of this nature than many others, that you are measurably friendly and well disposed towards us, and that you are ready and willing to lend your aid and assistance to our relief from those many distressed and numerous calamities to which we are reduced.

Now, Sir, if this is founded in truth, I apprehend you will readily embrace every opportunity to eradicate that train of absurd and false ideas and opinions which so generally prevails with respect to us; and that your sentiments are concurrent with mine, which are, that one universal father hath given being to us all; that he hath not only made us all of one flesh, but hath also, without partiality afforded us all the same sensations and endued us all with the same faculties, and that however variable we may be in society or religion, however diversified in situation or colour, we are all of the same family, and stand in the same relation to HIM.

Sir, if these are sentiments of which you are fully persuaded, I hope you cannot but acknowledge that it is the indispensable duty of those who maintain for themselves the right of human nature, and who profess the obligations of Christianity, to extend their power and influence to the relief of every part of the human race from whatever burden or oppression they may unjustly labour under; and this, I apprehend, a full conviction of the truth and obligation of these principles should lead one to.

Sir, I have long been convinced that if your love for yourselves and those inestimable laws that preserve to you the rights of human nature was founded on sincerity, you could not but be solicitous that every individual of whatever rank or distinction, might with you equally enjoy the blessings thereof; neither could you rest satisfied short of the most active diffusion of your exertions in order to their promotion from any state of degradation to which the unjustifiable cruelty and barbarism of men may have reduced them.

Sir, I freely, cheerfully acknowledge that I am of the African race, *and in that colour which is natural to them of the deepest die*, and it is under a sense of the most profound gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the universe that I now confess to you, I am not under that state of tyrannical thraldom and inhuman captivity to which so many of my brethren are doomed; but that I have abundantly tasted of the fruition of those blessings which proceed from that free and unequalled liberty with which you are favoured, and which I hope you will willingly allow you have received from the immediate hand of that being from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift.

Sir, suffer me to recall to your mind that time in which the arms and tyranny of the British crown were exerted with every powerful effort to reduce you to a state of servitude. Look back, I entreat you, upon the variety of dangers to which you were exposed; reflect upon that time in which every human aid appeared unavailable; in which every hope and fortitude wore the aspect of inability to the conflict, and you cannot but be led to a serious and grateful sense of your miraculous and providential preservation; you cannot but acknowledge that the present freedom and tranquillity you enjoy you have mercifully received; and that it is the peculiar blessing of HEAVEN.

This, Sir, was a time in which you clearly saw into the injustice of a state of slavery, and in which you had just apprehensions of the horrors of its condition. It was then, Sir, that your abhorrence thereof was so excited, that you publicly held forth this true and invaluable doctrine which is worthy to be recorded and remembered in all succeeding ages:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Here, Sir, was a time when your tender feelings for yourselves engaged you thus to declare. You were then impressed with proper ideas of the great valuation of liberty, and the free possession of those blessings to which you were entitled by nature. But, Sir, how pitiable it is to reflect, that although so fully convinced of the benevolence of the Father of mankind, and of his equal and impartial distribution of those rights and privileges which he conferred upon them, that you should at the same time counteract his mercies in detaining by fraud and violence so numerous a part of my brethren in groaning captivity and cruel oppression—that you should at the same time, be found guilty of that criminal act which you professedly detested in others with respect to yourselves.

Sir, I suppose your knowledge of the situation of my brethren is too extensive to need a recital here; neither shall I presume to prescribe the methods by which they may be relieved, otherwise than by recommending to you and to all others, to wean yourselves from those narrow prejudices which you have imbibed with respect to them, and, as Job proposed to his friends, "*put your souls in their souls stead.*" Thus shall their hearts be enlarged with kindness and benevolence towards them, and thus shall you need neither the direction of myself nor others in what manner to proceed herein.

And now, Sir, though my sympathy and affection for my brethren hath caused my enlargement thus far, I ardently hope your candour and generosity will plead with you in my behalf, when I make known to you it was not originally my design; but having taken up my pen in order to direct to you as a present, a copy of an Almanac which I have calculated for the succeeding year, I was unexpectedly and unavoidably led thereto.

This calculation, Sir, is the production of my arduous study, in this, my advanced stage of life; for, having long had an unbounded desire to become acquainted with the secrets of nature, I have had to gratify my curiosity herein through my own assiduous application to astronomical study, in which I need not recount the many difficulties and disadvantages I have had to encounter.

Although I had almost declined to make my calculations for the ensuing year, in consequence of the time I had allotted therefor being taken up at the Federal Territory, by the request of Mr. Andrew Ellicot; yet, finding myself under engagements to several printers of this State, to whom I had communicated my design, on my return to my place of residence, I industriously applied myself thereto, which, I hope, I have accomplished with correctness and accuracy; a copy of which I have taken the liberty to direct to you, and which I humbly request you will favourably receive; and although you may have an opportunity of perusing it after its publication, yet I choose to send it to you in *manuscript previous thereto, that thereby you might not only have an earlier inspection, but that you might also view it in my own hand-writing.*

And now, Sir, I shall conclude, and subscribe myself, with the most profound respect, your most obedient, humble servant,

B. BANNAKER.

THOS. JEFFERSON, Sec'y. of State.

N. B. Any communication to me may be had by a direction to Mr. Elias Ellicot, merchant in Baltimore town.

B. B.

MR. JEFFERSON'S REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30, 1791.

SIR:—I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 19th instant, and for the Almanac it contained.

Nobody wishes, more than I do, to see such proofs as you exhibit, that nature has given to our black brethren *talents equal to those of the other colours of men*, and that the *appearance of a want of them* is owing only to the *degraded condition of their existence*, both in Africa and America. *I can add with truth, that no one wishes more ardently to see a good system commenced for raising the condition, both of their body and mind, to what it ought to be, as fast as the imbecility of their present existence, and other circumstances, which cannot be neglected, will admit.*

I have taken the liberty of sending your Almanac to Monsieur de Condorcet, Secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and member of the Philanthropic Society, because I considered it a doctrine to which your whole colour had a right, for their justification against the doubts which have been entertained of them.

I am, with great esteeem, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Mr. BENJAMAN BANNAKER, near Ellicott's Lower Mills, Baltimore Co.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.

The Paris Moniteur of May 3d publishes a series of documents and decrees relative to the immediate emancipation of the blacks in the French colonies. Elementary free schools for the children of both sexes are to be established in every district, to which fathers, mothers, or guardians shall be obliged to send their children, under a penalty of fifteen days' imprisonment. Independently of these, a normal school of arts and manufactures is to be opened in each colony, and a lyceum in Guadaloupe. National workhouses are likewise to be established in the colonies, and all individuals without labour will find employment in them on certain conditions. Mendicity and vagrancy are to be punished by three to six months' imprisonment. Savings banks on the plan of those in France are to be founded in the colonies, under the guaranty of the Republic and the surveillance of the Administration. The Commissaries-General shall proceed to make a new assessment of the personal tax, which the citizens may pay by three days labour. Each year a *feast labour* will be celebrated with the greatest pomp in the different towns of the colony, and the labourer, male or female, who shall have distinguished himself by good conduct, shall receive a premium of 200f. or thirty perches of arable land. The number of the colonial representatives of the people in the National Assembly is to be three for Martinique, three for Guadaloupe, one for Guiana, two for the Island of the Reunion, one for Senegal, and one for the East India settlements. The colonial councils are suppressed. The censorship of journals and other publications is abolished, and newspapers may in future be printed and published without any previous authorization. The laws relative to recruitment and the National Guard are to be in vigour in the colonies.

From the Christian Investigator.

"MILD AND JUST."

Let it be remembered that a Baltimore correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal contended that the punishment of Mr. Torrey was *mild and just.* And the official organ of Northern Methodism gave circulation to the sentiment without rebuking it. Thus we see the persecution against the Abolitionists come from the pro-slavery churches, and yet we are told it is not time yet to secede. We must go on, supporting these persecuting churches, which is the same thing as "partaking in the sin" of the persecution, under pretext of "staying in them to reform them!" We must help people sin, in order to "have influence with them" to prevent them from sinning! When you may stay in a gambling room and help roll the nine pins, or shuffle the cards to "reform" men from gambling—*then*, but not sooner, may you innocently remain in a persecuting Church, and help to keep up its influence and character under plea of trying to reform it. Take care that you do not lay a foundation for the discovery, by and by, that you loved the praise of men, and took pleasure in being honoured and called brother by the persecutors of God's people. "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not her plagues."

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE.

SESSION OF MONDAY, May 15.

The most satisfactory account of the last attempt of the French ultra-Republicans to create another Revolution, we find in the *London Telegraph* of May 16. It gives the proceedings of the National Assembly complete, up to its temporary dissolution, at 4 o'clock on that day. Not long after this, according to a later report, which will be found on our first page, the National Guard succeeded in dispersing the mob, and the members of the Assembly returned to their places.

At 12 o'clock, M. Buchez, the President, took the chair.

The President announced that he had received a number of petitions in favour of Poland, which had been forwarded to him by clubs and private individuals. He afterward read a letter from the poet Béranger, tendering his resignation in the most supplicating terms, which was accepted by the Assembly.

M. d'Aragon afterward rose, and observed that he had always anxiously desired the total expulsion of the Austrians from Italy; but, not wishing to create embarrassment for the new Government, he called on the Minister for Foreign Affairs to expose what were the projects of the Government toward Italy, and he would refrain from pressing his demand if he were satisfied with them.

M. Bastide, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied that he would explain in a few words, the principle of the Government. They were those already developed by M. Lamartine in the declaration he had published a few days after the Revolution. France had proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, not for herself alone, and she recognized the right of all nations to govern themselves as they pleased.

M. d'Aragon, who followed, asked, should Italy demand the interference of France, was the Government disposed to accede to the request? Had France a sufficient force for that object? From the information he had obtained, there were not 20,000 men assembled near the Alps.

Gen. Subervie, interrupting the speaker, observed that, when he left the Ministry, the army of the Alps presented an effective force of 30,000 men.

M. Wolowski was then called to the tribune to develop his motion relative to Poland. At this moment loud cries were heard from the outside; and at the suggestion of a member that it was the duty of the Assembly to remain at their post at such a critical moment, the officers of the House were sent out to invite all the members in the Hall of Conference to join their colleagues, and in an instant all the benches were filled. M. Louis Blanc entered at that moment.

Here M. Degoisse, one of the questors, ascended the tribune and said, that contrary to the express order of the questors, the General-in-chief of the National Guard had directed the soldiers of the Movable National Guard, on duty at the Palace, to take off their bayonets and place them in scabbards.

M. Clement Thomas had risen to speak, when the public galleries were forcibly entered by men carrying banners, and crying, "Vive la Pologne!" Several individuals also penetrated into the Hall by the side doors, and among them was a captain of the artillery of the National Guard, who were turned out by the members and officers of the House.—The greatest confusion ensued, and the President was obliged to cover himself. Messrs. Barbes, Clement Thomas, and others, occupied the tribune.—The former attempted to speak, but was prevented by M. Larabit. All the members of the Executive Government left the Hall at this moment. The explosion of a shot outside having been followed by a moment's silence, Barbes again attempted to address the Assembly, but was surrounded by a number of members, who resorted in turn to threats and persuasion to dissuade him from speaking. M. Buchez here vacated the chair, which was filled by M. Corbon. M. Clemont Thomas vainly endeavoured to address the meeting. At this moment the crowd rushed in by all the doors, and became complete masters of the Hall. Several members having protested, were ill-treated by the people. M. Ledru Rollin ascended the tribune, but being unable to obtain a hearing, he left it to Messrs. Barbes and Blanqui.

Shortly afterward M. Buchez re-entered the Hall, accompanied by the Prefect of Police, and the Members of the Executive Commission. M. Barbes invited the people to silence, in order that the Assembly might hear the petition, which a man of the people standing near him held in his hand. No attention, however, was paid to his suggestion, and the petition was read amid the utmost tumult. General Courtais, Messrs. Raspail, Blanqui, Barbes, and men dressed in *blouses* and in their shirts, occupied the tribune, all vociferating together. M. Louis Blanc then appeared by the side of the President, and was hailed with loud cheers by the mob. Silence being restored, M. Louis Blanc invited the people to silence, in order that the petition be read and freely discussed by the National Assembly. The right of petition should be sacred, and the people should prove itself calm in its force and moderation. The petition was again read by a delegate of the Clubs, who concluded by demanding that the Assembly decree *instanter* that a friendly invitation be addressed to the Northern powers to reëstablish old Poland, and that a French army be held ready to cross the Rhine and march to Poland, should the *ultimatum* be rejected.

The President next rose and observed, that the Assembly had heard their petition, and that if they wished it to deliberate upon it, they should retire. M. Barbes joined in the recommendation. One of the Presidents of the clubs here rose, and asked leave to develop the petition. The people might be divided in opinion on domestic matters, but were unanimous on the question of Poland. He accordingly entreated the Assembly to declare war against the oppressors of that noble country. While he was at the tribune he would address another request to the Assembly. Their brethren of a neighbouring city, (Rouen,) had been mercilessly butchered. Instead of healing those cruel wounds, their enemies seemed to take pleasure in envenoming them. The prisons were full of them, and he asked that they be instantly liberated. Cries of "Down with Frank Carré," resounded on all sides; and the speaker concluded by recommending that immediate measures be adopted to provide labour for the people, and to improve the condition of the working classes. "Let a Ministry of Labour be established, and Louis Blanc placed at its head," exclaimed the popular auditory.

M. Ledru Rollin next addressed the Assembly.—He did not, he said, speak as a member of the Executive Commission, not having had occasion to consult his colleagues. He spoke as a simple citizen and a representative of the people. The people had, he said, made known their wishes with regard to Poland. They should be attended to, and their Polish brethren assisted. They also manifested a desire that the Assembly devote all its solicitude to allay the sufferings of the people. ("Yes, yes! the creation of a ministry of labour!") He now called on them to give a proof of their wisdom and admirable good sense, which could not be deceived—("We are deceived, we are betrayed," exclaimed the people,) by withdrawing in order to enable the Assembly to deliberate. (You must not deliberate, you must vote," cried a voice.)

No description can give an idea of the scene of confusion and tumult that ensued. The cries of the public galleries, responding to those arising from the Hall, were truly terrific. The former was so crowded, that it is wonderful they did not give way. The representatives of the people all remained seated, and if any ventured to say a word he was menaced, and several even were struck by some ruffians standing near them. The President, Buchez, and M. Corbon, the Vice-President, continued at their posts, and were evidently, afraid to adjourn, lest the people should take possession of the Hall, and, as on a recent occasion, declare the Government to have ceased to exist, and proclaim another.

M. Barbes, after many fruitless attempts to address the Assembly, at last obtained silence, and proclaimed, amid frantic applause, that an extraordinary contribution of one thousand millions of francs should be levied on the rich for the benefit of the labouring classes. The people then insisted on M. Louis Blanc being named Minister of Labour, and, having placed him on a table, carried him in triumph through the Hall.

Here a number of individuals ran in and informed the chiefs that the drums of the National Guard were beating to arms. This announcement created the greatest uproar, and M. Barbes having again ascended the tribune, called on the Assembly to decree that the people of Paris had deserved well of the country, and that whoever should order the *rappel* to be beaten be declared a traitor. The people appeared somewhat pacified by the proposition, but obstinately refused to leave the Hall until the two decrees were voted.

The Assembly, however, showing no inclination to satisfy their demand, and the President remaining seated, a scene of the greatest confusion arose, and M. Hubert at last, mounting on the edge of the tribune, proclaimed, in the name of the people, the dissolution of the National Assembly.

The President then put on his hat, and the representatives retired, leaving the multitude the sole possessors of the Hall. It was then 4 o'clock.

At the moment the courier left it was stated that the National Guard had possessed themselves of, and are protecting, the Chamber and the Hotel de Ville.

THE NEXT DAY'S SESSION.

On the opening of the Chamber, on the 16th inst. M. Buchez, the President, having resigned the chair to M. Corbon, one of the Vice Presidents, proceeded to offer to the Chamber explanations for his conduct on the occasion of the invasion of the Chamber by the populace the day previous. M. Buchez said, that being pressed and besieged by threatening letters containing furious menaces against the Assembly, on the subject of beating the *rappel*, he thought it right to give orders to suspend it. At these words violent murmurs broke out from all parts of the Assembly. Mons. Buchez appeared disconcerted, and stammered out excuses, saying that he feared for the lives of the members. "But honour is more precious than life!" cried several voices. "Rather die," cried others, "than adopt your course!" (Loud applause.) You have been intrepid, it is true, (resumed M. Buchez,) but it seems to me that the conduct of your President is not worthy of yours.

After altercation of this kind, M. Buchez withdrew, without returning to the chair.

M. Garnier Pages assured the Assembly that the most effectual measures were taken to assure the safety of the Assembly and of the public, and enumerated the prisoners taken. He added that M. Caussidière, Prefect of Police, had not yet been dismissed, and that he was about to offer explanations to the Assembly on the subject of the inaction imputed to the police yesterday. Several members spoke on the subject of the Prefect of Police and the Republican Guard, imputing to them complicity with the insurgent party.

M. Caussidière soon after presented himself to offer explanations to the Assembly. Two hours were consumed with the various questions put to him and the answers given, at the end of which, he resigned his office. When M. Caussidière presented himself in the Chamber, much surprise was expressed, inasmuch as reports had circulated that he had shut himself up in the Prefecture of Police, and set the Government at defiance. Respecting this the following explanation is given; 25,000 men of the National Guard and troops of the line, had gone to surround the Prefecture of Police. M. Clement Thomas, General-in-chief of the National Guard, having presented himself to summons M. Caussidière to surrender, that person answered, that, as a representative, he would not surrender except to a decree of the Assembly. M. Thomas consequently invited him to repair to the Assembly, to which he consented. The explanations given by M. Caussidière possessed no particular interest beyond the circumstance that he sought continually to make the Provisional Government, the Executive Commission, and the present ministry, participators in the wrongs with which they reproach him. M. Cremieux having considered it his duty to give explanations, M. Caussidière became more violent, and in a tone of bravado cried out that it had been his intention to carry on his office in a fraternal manner, as the times required; but since he no longer had their confidence, he would resign.

Among the propositions brought forward in the Assembly at this sitting, was one by M. Billault, to interdict, under severe penalties, all tumultuous meetings (*attroupements*) within 1,500 metres of the Chamber. It was ordered to be referred to the Committee on Justice.

In the course of the proceedings on the 17th inst. the President read the letter in which M. Caussidière had sent his resignation.

M. Sarrut defended M. Caussidière. "The Assembly," said he, "before accepting this resignation, should examine the real motives of it, which, in my opinion were nothing more than a just sentiment of susceptibility, which is befitting a member of this Assembly who has been called on for his justification." After some vain attempts to continue this defence, the resignation of M. Caussidière was accepted.

The question of the validity of the elections for Corsica being brought forward, it was decided that the proscription existing against the Bonaparte family should not prevent MM. Pierre and Napoleon Bonaparte from taking their seats.

M. Louis Blanc being also returned from Corsica, his election was annulled, in consequence of an irregularity in the admission of foreigners into the hall of election. M. Louis Blanc mounted the tribune, and made some observations, which were listened to with the most chilling coolness.

The Assembly then proceeded to appoint the committee for preparing the project of the Constitution.

The foreign papers received by the United States brought the proceedings in the National Assembly up to 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th, at which time M. Buchez, the President, withdrew. We now give an account of the riotous scene which followed:

M. Barbes now addressed the crowd, and said that the people had manifestly merited well of their country—whoever should order the *rappel* to be beaten should be declared a traitor to his country. (Thunders of applause greeted the speaker.)

All this time the President (who had made but a short stay outside) was from time to time ringing his inefficient bell.

M. Hubert, who had been a political prisoner in the time of the former Government, here cried, "Citizens, I proclaim in the name of the sovereign people of France that the National Assembly is dissolved. (What shouting arose here it is useless to attempt to describe.) The estrade where the President's chair was placed, the tribune where the orators spoke from, the benches where the Representatives were, were all covered with men in blouses—in their shirt sleeves—in the short jacket of the workman. Flags were waving—men were shouting—a paper on the end of a pole bore the words "Frangais secours la Pologne!" All was a scene of such confusion that at first the eye could catch nothing; it was an inextricable mass of the people and their attributes. The Representatives had gone; the seats opposite where the public had been seated in gay attire at the beginning of the sitting, were now held by the men of the people. The Assembly broke up. The crowd got tired of remaining in so unaccustomed a position—they gradually lessened in numbers. The chant "do depart" was sung by some of them—a cry of "Aux armes! aux armes!" arose among others. Women flitted about among the men; the delegates had all disappeared.—The National Guard, in the greatest agitation, was crying out that they had been betrayed by General Courtais.—The first and second legions were afterward met advancing to the National Palace in great indignation, and crying "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!"

The greatest agitation prevailed in the streets, every one trying to learn what had taken place.

From the Christian Reflector.

SLAVERY.

The following is a powerful extract from an address by the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, entitled, "Barbarism the First Danger." It was delivered before the Home Mission Society and published:

"Slavery, it is not to be denied, is an essentially barbarous institution. It gives us too that sign, which is the perpetual distinction of barbarism, that it has no law of progress, the highest level it reaches, is the level at which it begins. Indeed, we need not scruple to allow that it has yielded us one considerable advantage, in virtue of the fact, that it produces its best condition first. For while the Northern people were generally delving in labour, for many generations, to produce a condition of comfort, Slavery set the masters at once on a footing of ease, gave them leisure for elegant intercourse, for unprofessional studies, and seasoned their character thus with that kind of cultivation which distinguishes men of society. A class of statesmen were thus raised up, who were prepared to figure as leaders in scenes of public life, where so much depends on manners and social address. But now the scale is changing. Free labour is rising, at length, into a state of wealth and comfort, to take the lead of American society. Meanwhile, the foster sons of Slavery—the high families, the statesmen—gradually receding in character, as they must under this vicious institution, are receding also in power and influence, and have been ever since the Revolution.—Slavery is a condition against nature; the curse of nature therefore is upon it, and it bows to its doom, by a law as irresistible as gravity. It produces a condition of ease, which is not the reward of labour, and a state of degradation which is not the curse of idleness. Therefore, the ease it enjoys cannot but end in a curse, and the degradation it suffers cannot rise into a blessing. It nourishes imperious and violent passions. It makes the masters solitary sheiks on their estates, forbidding thus the possibility of public schools, and preventing also that condensed form of society, which is necessary to the vigorous maintenance of churches. Education and religion thus displaced, the dinner table only remains, and on this hangs, in great part, the keeping of the social state. But however highly we may estimate the humanizing power of hospitality, it cannot be regarded as any sufficient spring of character. It is neither a school, nor a gospel. And when it comes of self-indulgence, or only seeks relief for the tedium of an idle life, scarcely does it bring with it the blessings of a virtue. The accomplishments it yields are of a mock quality, rather than of a real, having about the same relation to a substantial and finished culture, that honour has to character. This kind of currency will pass no longer; for it is not expense without comfort, or splendour set in disorder, as diamonds in pewter; it is not airs in place of elegance, or assurance, or assurance substituted for ease; neither is it to be master of a fluent speech, or to garnish the same with stale quotations from the classics; much less is it to live in the Don Juan vein, accepting barbarism by poetic inspiration—the same which a late noble poet, drawing out of Turks and pirates, became the chosen laureate of Slavery—not any or all of these can make up such a style of man, or of life, as we in this age demand. We have come up now to a point, where we look for true intellectual refinement, and a ripe state of personal culture.—But how clearly is it seen to be a violation of its own laws, for Slavery to produce a genuine scholar, or a man, who, in any department of excellence, unless it be in politics, is not a full century behind his time. And if we ask for what is dearer and better still, for a pure Christian morality, the youth of Slavery are trained in no such habits, as are congenial to virtue. The point of honour is the only principle many of them know. Violence and dissipation bring down every succeeding generation to a state continually lower; so that now, after a hundred and fifty years are passed, the slaveholding territory may be described as a vast missionary ground, and one so uncomfortable to the faithful ministry of Christ, by reason of its jealous tempers, and the known repugnance it has to many of the first maxims of the Gospel, that scarcely a missionary can be found to enter it. Connected with this moral decay, the resources of nature also are exhausted, and her fertile territories changed to a desert, by the uncreating power of a spendthrift institution. And then, having made a waste where God had made a garden, Slavery gathers up the relics of bankruptcy, and the baser relics still of virtue and all manly enterprise, and goes forth to renew, on a virgin soil, its dismal and forlorn history. Thus, at length, has been produced, what may be called the bowie-knife style of civilization, and the new West of the South is overrun by it—a spirit of blood which defies all laws of God and man; honourable but not honest; prompt to resent an injury, slack to discharge a debt; educated to ease, and readier, of course, when the means of living fail, to find them at the gaming-table or the race-ground, than in any work of industry—probably squandering the means of living there, to relieve the tedium of ease itself.

"Such is the influence of Slavery, as it enters into our American social state, and imparts its moral type of barbarism, through emigration, to the new West. Hence, the Mexican war, which has its beginning and birth in what I have called the bowie-knife style of civilization—a war in the nineteenth century, which, if it was not purposely begun, many are visibly determined shall be, a war for the extension of Slavery. It was no one political party, as some pretend, who made this war, but it was the whole Southwest and West rather, of all parties, instigated by a wild and riotous spirit of adventure, which no terms of reason or of Christian prudence and humanity could check. And if this war results, as probably it may, in the acquisition of a vast western territory, then is our great pasture-ground of barbarism so much to be enlarged, the room to run wild extended, the chances of final anarchy and confusion multiplied."

From the Louisville Examiner.

HEROIC, IF TRAGIC! THE QUESTION.

May 19. A scene occurred at Covington, which shocked the community, and made the blood of thousands run cold.

A man named Rush, had purchased up the Licking, a "negro fellow, wife, and child." The slaves objected. Both the negro and his wife protested against being separated, or sent South. But the sale was made; they were brought to Covington, and, for safe-keeping, lodged in jail, until they could be shipped for Louisiana.

While in jail, the negro man resolved, first, that he would not go South. His wife said, "rather than do that, and be separated, I wish you to cut my throat." Both then resolved upon self-destruction. But the child! Could they consent to imbrue their hands in its blood? "Aye," was the mother's response—"rather than it should go South, and be separated from us, let it be done." Deliberately did that mother do the deed—deliberately offer her throat to be cut by her husband, who made the fatal gash, and as deliberately did he attempt to take

in old Rome, and in the best days of Roman manhood, the doers of it would have been heralded forth, and handed down to us, in song, story, and historic description, as among their greatest, loftiest characters. Christianity teaches us other views, and a higher duty. But even Christianity, while condemning the act, bids us sorrow over, and sympathize with, the dead, who, for love of home, who rather than be torn from each other, died thus by their own hands.

How stirringly does this fatal act appeal to every man, woman, and child in Kentucky to protest against the separation of families.

There are those who say, "slaves care very little about such separation." We know better, all of us.—We know that their feelings are kind, their attachments strong, their love of kindred and home abiding. True these feelings and attachments, and this love, are weakened, sometimes deadened, because marriages are *not legalized*, and because they dare not fix them. But despite of this, there is not a plantation, not a neighbourhood, not a county, in which slaves do not show the highest, holiest affection, when torn from their families, or driven away from the old homestead. Have you, reader, attended an administrator's sale, when old settled families were put up for sale, and not heard the wail, and shriek of women, or witnessed the grief oppressing and crushing stout men? Have you never been at the court house, when under legal action, the father was about to be borne away forever from wife and children, and seen the unutterable anguish which overwhelmed them? They do love each other. They love kind masters. And no Southern man at all conversant with the negro's nature, or familiar with his habits, will pretend to deny the fact. What, then, can we say, in defence of a law which allows family ties to be broken at any moment? What plea put in, what justification offer, for a code which annihilates at one blow the marriage rite, and all the sacredness of home? What say, when death is deliberately sought by slave husband, and slave wife, rather than submit to separation, or endure the pangs which such separation would inflict?

Now the reason of the case demands of us, as men and Christians, the instant cessation of any and all such barbarity.

The strength of Kentucky lies in her *character*. What she covets—what she prizes—what hang around her as her jewels—are her generosity, disinterestedness, magnanimity, greatness of soul. It is *moral* glory which makes her—which makes every State, every nation—and whatever touches or taints that, should be repelled with stern and indignant rebuke. Now let this Covington story be repeated in Europe! Let orators in France rise up, and tell their people of the terrible event which occurred in our sister city, and the cause of it! Let poets sing about it in stirring verse, wherever poetry has a voice, or there are ears to hear, and hearts to appreciate it! And what a storm of wonder and indignation would be roused against us! How would our very name be associated with tyranny, a barbarous system, cruelty beyond that endured at Constantinople, and discarded now at Morocco! Yet not a humane slaveholder treads our soil, not a generous citizen who does not condemn this injustice, who would not, if he could, expunge from the statute book all such barbarous laws, and say, "let there be no separation of families, let all home-ties be sacred, let no man violate institutions created by the living God." Let us do this in self-defence. In answer to the voice of the civilized world, now jubilant with the shout of liberty, and exulting over rotten dynasties, crumbling amid their frauds, corruptions, and oppressions; in answer to the good and great men who have put aside the bayonet, and silenced the cannon, by the sublime majesty of moral power—let us resolve that no such wrong shall be tolerated, no such barbarous enactment hereafter disfigure our statute book.

Especially is the Church invoked, through this fearful tragedy, to make a new, more resolute, more united effort against the barbarities of our slave code.

Here was a purchase and sale. The master up the Licking River, parted with his slaves, informing them that their new buyer would take them South. Suppose this purchaser a slavedealer, and the seller a member of the Church. Could the latter be reached by any act of discipline? Is there any rule or law by which, in such a case, the example and power of the Church could be exercised in behalf of the right? We fear not. We fear no one step in this fearful tragedy could be brought before the Church. *His right to sell under the law is clear.* Yet who would not give heed to the prayer and protests of the slave husband and wife? Another master could have been found in the neighbourhood. For a few dollars less than was received, other purchasers would have offered. Shall he, then, who calls himself a Christian, who professes to be governed by the law of Christ—shall he be allowed to go unnoticed, unrebuked, by the Church, while committing such acts? Will it consent to stand silent amid such wrongs? *His right to sell, with a knowledge that husband and wife and children will be separated, is equally unquestionable.* The slaves know this. They entreat, beg, on bended knees, and with heaving hearts, pray their master not thus to rob them of hope and life. He hears them not. He sells them. And in phrenzied madness and love, the slave husband kills wife, children, and himself! Shall the Church be mute? Shall ministers of God, and holy men professing to obey God, look on and say nothing, do nothing? Oh! countrymen! forbid it in thought! Forbid it yet more in act! Let it not be said of any Church, let it not be declared of any Christian people, that wrongs of this character—wrongs which sap the foundation of all virtue, can be tolerated in this, our age and land!

And lastly, does this Covington tragedy appeal against the moneyed traffic in human beings.

What caused it? What cause so much suffering and inhumanity among slaves, and among owners of them? It is the greedy purpose, the cold blooded avaricious determination to make money. We cannot—dare not say—"this is no affair of ours—we have no lot, nor part in it." Have we done what we could to alter the law?—Have we protested against it? Have our voices been heard speaking against it? If not, if through fear, if from any cause, we have stood still, have said nothing, done nothing, in our consciences and before God, we are guilty. Tell us not about hindrances. Talk not to us about difficulties. These hindrances and difficulties could be brushed away, if we were united, earnest, resolute in opposition to this monstrous traffic. Let us not mock Heaven by such excuses! Let us not shield oppressor and wrongdoer by such concealments! Out with your thoughts—out with your feelings—and say, "the traffic in slaves, the separation of slave families, cannot and will not be tolerated in Kentucky." Unite churches for this end—bring together pulpit and people, make Sabbath school and day school answer to each other, the rich and the poor, slaveholder and non-slaveholder—and the curse will be crushed forever. Do you say this union is impossible? Try to make it. Work constantly for it, work boldly for it, and *it will be!* God makes chances of the character we propose through *human instrumentality*, and whenever or whenever that instrumentality is thus roused and exerted for benevolent and heroic ends, he never fails to bless it—to bless it, on the part of those immediately concerned, to bless it by making the State itself nobler, greater.

Let the Christian Church of Kentucky, then, let her patriotic citizens, let her generous and manly slaveholders—let fathers, wives, sons, and daughters, proclaim as their sentiment, unchanged and unchangeable, fixed and to be fought for by every *moral* weapon which Christianity will sanctify or sanction.

No traffic in human beings for money.

No separation of slave families.

From the Correspondence of the Tribune.

DEBATE IN THE SENATE—HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, June 1.

There was a debate to-day in the Senate, of some importance. The Oregon question came up, and Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, introduced an amendment providing against Slavery in the territory. It gave rise to an animated discussion. Mr. Calhoun said, at the proper time he was ready on the part of the Senate, to meet the question. He did not avoid, he rather longed for the issue. But he thought the introduction of the question then into the Senate, was immature and unnecessary.

Mr. Niles, of Connecticut, regretted that the regiment raised two years ago for the express defence and advantage of our countrymen in Oregon had been devoted to the purposes of this "unfortunate war" with Mexico. Mr. Niles spoke briefly and to the point. And it may not be impertinent to add here, that the Senator from Connecticut has on several occasions this session, showed no less ability than honest purpose, so far as speech went, in the proper promulgation of sound sentiment. It had been better for his fame, better for his country, had he always confirmed by his vote the seeming sincerity of his speech.

Mr. Hannegan urged the speedy action of the Senate in relief of the Oregon sufferers. He depicted with his usual warm colouring, the disasters which had overtaken them, and the farther dangers to which they are exposed. In allusion to Mr. Hale's motion contemplating the exclusion of Slavery from the Territory, he remarked that he did not believe any *sane* man in the country supposed that Slavery could exist within its limits.

Col. Benton afterward rose, with all the gravity of manner that distinguishes him. He gave a full description of the present condition of the inhabitants of Oregon; showed that, if aid were granted them now, months would elapse before it could reach them. The gorges in the mountains, he said, early in September, were almost stopped with snow; a journey, at all times most difficult, would become dangerous soon after the Summer solstice.

He spoke of the power of the Indian tribe, and of their apparent hostility. He recalled to the recollection of the Senate how long ago and how earnestly he had laboured to send military assistance to our countrymen in those remote regions. A great portion of the people had been agitated, he said, with the question of acquiring there exclusive sovereignty. But after such sovereignty had been obtained, no successful effort had been made to establish jurisdiction there.

The question of Slavery, he said, had defeated all honest effort for the establishment of a terriorial Government there. It was a question which affected and vitiated all subjects before the Senate. No measure could be introduced, but this "pestiferous" question was tacked to it. It prevented or clogged all legislation. He had read in the Holy Book of a people who were cursed by a special visitation. They were visited by an inundation of frogs. If they looked upon their tables, behold there were frogs; if they turned to their kneading-troughs, there too they found frogs; even in nearer and dearer domestic relations, too mysterious to be alluded to, they were still cursed by frogs. Thus it was with this pestiferous subject of Slavery; it was introduced to curse all legislation.

For himself, he was willing to meet the question at all times. He feared not to encounter it. At the same time he denied and would ever deny that any *one* Senator had a right to speak for the fifteen slaveholding States. He could speak for one State and no more, and that was all any Senator on the floor could do.

There was a significance in his expression, as well of countenance as words, that plainly indicated he intended some allusion to the "honest Nullifier." The latter, however, did not wince, but seemed wholly unconscious of any personal application of the remarks.

Mr. *Hale* afterward replied to these several speeches, and in an eloquent manner. He was surprised that Senators from Indiana should raise their voices in opposition to the extension of the Ordinance of 1787 over the Oregon Territory.

No monumental stone, he said, could record so indelibly to all future ages the fame of the great author of that Ordinance—THOMAS JEFFERSON—as the State of Indiana itself. The vast wealth of that State, its great and growing prosperity—the industry, happiness, and rapid augmentation of its population—its eminence in statesmen, in all that constitutes the dignity and power of a State—sprang from the Ordinance of 1787. By that, THOMAS JEFFERSON erected a monument more durable than of brass or stone, the inscription of which would become more legible with coming ages.

Mr. *Hanegan* replied to Mr. Hale with an *argumentum ad hominem*, but not to controvert any position the other had laid down.

Col. Benton's story of the frogs might have been turned by Mr. Hale against his argument. If the author of the book of Genesis "has writ his annals true," the frogs were sent to plague the Egyptians *for holding the Israelites in bondage*, as soon as the latter had permission to depart from their servitude, the frogs disappeared. There could be no Wilmot Proviso, or other plague to vex the United States Senate were it not for the bondage of certain individuals but little darker in their skins than the Egyptians.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1848.

The Standard—New Arrangement.

The Standard, for the ensuing volume, will continue under the charge of its present editor, with the assistance of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, as Corresponding Editor.

Mr. Lowell's contributions will be weekly, and over his own initials.

EDMUND QUINCY, whose letters from Boston, are already known to, and appreciated by our readers, will continue our regular *Boston Correspondent*. A letter from him will be published every fortnight.

Our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. WEBB, will keep us informed of the condition of Ireland, and the state of Europe generally, as heretofore by regular communications, twice each month.

We have the promise, also, of occasional letters from two well-known friends of the cause, who will leave this country on the 1st of June, for Europe.

With such a list of *regular contributors* to its columns, in addition to those who favour us with occasional communications, we are confident that the Standard will be worthy of, and we trust will receive, the hearty support of every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are certainly speaking within bounds, when we say, that no volume, since its establishment, has been commenced under more favourable auspices. The engagement of Mr. Lowell, whose reputation as a poet, and a reviewer, is second to no other in this country, we esteem as a most fortunate one for the paper and the cause which it advocates. And it is not improper to say here, that the frequent quotations which are made from the letters of our Boston and Dublin correspondents, are the best proof of the esteem in which they are held by our contemporaries of the Press.

Two years since the price of the Standard was put at $1 *per annum*, in the hope of an increased circulation. The success of the experiment has not been such as to justify, in the opinion of the Committee, the continuation of these terms, in view of the increased expenditure involved in the new arrangement. The subscription-price, therefore, will be raised, at the commencement of the new volume, to its former rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The new arrangement commences immediately, but the price will not be raised till the 1st of June. All subscribers who have *already* paid in advance for the next volume, will receive the paper, till the close of their year at the old price. All whose year commences *before* the close of the present volume, and who pay before the change is made, will receive the paper to the close of *their* year, at $1 *per annum*. But all who do not pay before the 1st of June, whose subscription commences at that time, and have not already paid, will pay the new price of $2 *per annum*.

New England Convention.

It was not our privilege to be present, last week, at the Annual Festival of the Abolitionists of New England. To be absent on that occasion, in any year since we have been permitted to call ourself an Abolitionist, and aid, with such little power as we have, the greatest cause of our day, the only cause worth working for, indeed the only policy that can be called a cause in this country, is, in no slight degree, a sacrifice; and this year we are told, by word of mouth, and by letters from those who were present, that there was never more reason to regret such absence. "The meetings," writes our attentive correspondent, Mr. S. May, Jr. in a private letter, "were very large, and continued to the last with great interest and spirit. During three days the Melodeon was filled, morning and afternoon; and Faneuil Hall, where the meeting was held for three successive evenings, was well filled on the first, (though the evening was rainy,) and crowded on both the others." He adds "over $1,200 was raised in pledges and contributions to aid in sustaining THE ONE HUNDRED ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS, voted to be held in Massachusetts." The last fact we specially rejoice in. It is a cheering evidence of the spirit of our New England friends, and is the best possible proof that the meeting was all, and a great deal more, than our friend Mr. May—one of those reliable men who is always careful to understate his facts—says of it. The people had $1,200 worth of good time, and their valuation of it is, no doubt, as near right as can be estimated.

Our Boston correspondent also gives us an interesting account of the meeting, which will be found in another column.

We subjoin a list of the officers of the meeting, for which we are also indebted to Mr. May, to whom we tender our thanks for his kind attention.

President,

EDMUND QUINCY, of Massachusetts.

Vice Presidents.

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Massachusetts,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS, of New York,
PETER LIBBEY, of Maine,
PARKER PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire,
CALEB D. WILLIAMS, of Connecticut,
EDMUND JACKSON, of Massachusetts.

Secretaries.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr. of Massachusetts,
WILLIAM C. NELL, of New York,
ELIZA J. KENNEY, of Massachusetts.

Business Committee.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles F. Hovey, Maria W. Chapman, Lucy Stone, Caroline Weston, S. S. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, Adin Ballou.

Finance Committee.—James N. Buffum, Loring Moody, Samuel Brooke, William W. Brown, John M. Spear.

Such was the organization of the meeting. Mr. Garrison has kindly sent us a slip containing the Resolutions, which are as follows:

Resolved, That the Anti-slavery movement has been, is, and is yet more to be, the means, under Providence, for the regeneration of the United States; and that its vital power is in uncompromising assertion of the principle—

That every human being has a God-given right to manhood, and the conditions of a manly life, and that it is the duty of mankind, collectively and individually, to insure the unimpaired enjoyment of this right to every member of society.

Resolved, That, confirmed in this principle by the sanction of the Divine will, as made known in all ages,—by the common instincts and matured judgments of the human race,—by the life and words of Jesus Christ, and the confessions of the Christian Church,—and finally, by the Declaration of Independence, the Supreme law of this Republic—the American Anti-Slavery Society has but to discharge its plain duty in calling upon the people of the United States, throughout their religious and political organizations, and every power of their social or personal action, to unite in putting away, *immediately and forever*, the inhuman, unchristian, anti-republican, destructive and disgraceful usage of Domestic Slavery.

Resolved, That the accumulating experiences of every year and week are proving, that in declaring the *Bond of Union* between the States broken and annulled by the Annexation of Texas and the Mexican War, and in summoning the PEOPLE of the United States, in their sovereign capacity, to form a NEW UNION OF FREEMEN, the Anti-Slavery Society proposed a course of conduct in the highest degree consistent with obedience to God, Christian integrity, loyalty to this nation, and practical wisdom; and that, if this course had been followed, War would have been stopped, Texas made free, Slavery paralyzed, and the nation redeemed by the adoption of a policy worthy of Christian freemen.

Whereas, this nation, through the action of its national and State Legislatures, the intrigues of its political parties, the passiveness of its religious communities, the tameness of its press, the supine connivance of its people, has yielded itself up to the guidance of the slaveholding oligarchy, which has usurped control over the Congress, the Executive, and the Judiciary of the United States; and

Whereas, notwithstanding all these discouraging proofs of national degeneracy, there are manifest signs in the South as well as North, the West and East, of the revival of a more humane, just, free spirit among our religious and political bodies, and in the heart of our communities; therefore,

Resolved, That it is our urgent duty to seek out and propose some practical plan, whereby good men and women in all the States may cordially co-operate in removing, root and branch, the fatal institution of Slavery, which blasts our nation's prosperity, peace and growth.

Resolved, That we commend to the instant, earnest, and thorough consideration of all Anti-Slavery men and women throughout the United States, the promotion of a

NATIONAL REDEMPTION SOCIETY:

whose objects shall be,

1. The total abolition of Slavery throughout the United States;

2. Indemnity to our brethren and sisters held as slaves, for their wrongs, sufferings and degradation;

3. Such aid to slaveholders, in escaping from their present false relations, as justice, collective responsibility for the national sin of slaveholding, and a true feeling of brotherly kindness, may warrant.

Resolved, That the people of the United States will never redeem themselves from the shame of past hypocrisies, inconsistencies and crimes, reclaim a rightful position of honour among civilized and Christian States, until by some act signal, public, unanimous, they cancel the slaveholding concessions of the Constitution, the Missouri Compromise, and all similar compromises whether in the spirit, letter or execution of national laws, —make atonement to Mexico for the outrages inflicted upon her in our war of slaveholding aggression,—and form a new Bond of Union, under a new Constitution, worthy of a Nation of United Freemen; and that we look forward with confident hope for the coming of the day of National Reform, truly the day of National At-one-ment, when our prophetic motto of "E pluribus Unum" will manifest indeed a glorious reality.

Resolved, That in the upward progress of public sentiment on the subject of emancipation, we see in the spirit and conduct of the great body of the American clergy, nothing but persevering impenitence and palpable impiety;—the professed "embassadors of Christ" are emphatically the bulwarks of Slavery; and we therefore again call upon all who love liberty, and revere the principles of Christianity, to regard them as men who will be the last to come to the rescue of the slave, and the vindication of human rights universally.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Abolitionists a more active support of the periodicals devoted to the cause—especially the Standard and the Liberator—not only by subscribing themselves and circulating copies at their own expense, but by devoting their time to soliciting subscriptions from others.

Resolved, That the decree of the French Provisional Government, abolishing slavery in all the Colonies of France, as essential to the honour, integrity, equality and humanity of the new republic, ought to cover the people of this country with confusion of face, who have made Slavery instead of Liberty, the cornerstone of their republican edifice and thus perfidiously obstruct the progress of freedom throughout the world.

Resolved, That we will never throw any obstacle, however slight, in the way of the slaves obtaining their freedom in the most direct and summary manner in their power; that, so far from counselling them to be content in their condition, we will spare no effort to make them the contrary; that so far from advising them to bear in patience the evils of their condition, we will encourage them, *by every righteous means* in our power, to escape from that condition, at their earliest opportunity.

Resolved, That, whether we consult the religious or political aspects of the country, in regard to the Anti-Slavery movement, we find occasion for continual rejoicing, and are mightily strengthened to go onward until the last link of Slavery is broken.

Resolved, That in the late national Democratic nomination of Lewis Cass for the Presidency of the U. States—the man who has not only got down on his knees to the slave power, but like a certain reptile, crawled on his belly in the dust, accursed and venomous—we see again how profligate and spurious is the boasted democracy of the country—how submissive is the Democratic party to the mandates of the Southern overseers—and how universal and frightful is the apostacy to the cause of liberty and equal rights.

Resolved, That whether the Presidential candidate offered us as worthy to receive our suffrages, be Lewis Cass, Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John P. Hale, or Gerrit Smith, we have but one answer to make to them all—NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Resolved, That such a fact as the seizure and rendition to Slavery in the capital of this nation, of seventy persons escaping from it, with the barbarous imprisonment, as criminals, of the men who nobly attempted their deliverance, all under the sanction and at the instigation of the General Government, (when considered in its proper place, in the succession of such events as the adoption of the Federal Constitution in guarantee of Slavery,—the purchase and admission to the Union of Louisiana—the admission of slaveholding Missouri, Arkansas, and Florida—the annexation and admission of slaveholding Texas—the war with free Mexico—the unnoticed and continual outrages, imprisonments and murders of the Northern citizens—the ignominious expulsion from the South of their legally appointed advocates,) fills up the measure of damning proof, that Slavery is indeed the corner stone of this Republic; and hence, in view of THIS INIQUITOUS UNION of free with slave States, which gives to the conscience of the slaveholder the comfort of Northern participation—to his character the sustentation of Northern companionship—to his arm, the strength of the Northern bayonet—to his dungeons and instruments of torture, the sanction of law and national usage—to his crime, the currency and excuse of a universal moral degradation—we find it to be our imperative and immediate duty, to raise funds, call conventions, send out our agents, circulate our periodicals, promulgate our principles, and, in fine, by all possible means, to agitate the land with hitherto unparalleled energy for its immediate and utter dissolution.

Resolved, That anxious to make the best possible use of every opportunity which Providence affords of gaining the ear and rousing the heart of the nation, we recommend to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to hold, as soon as convenient and profitable, a series of ONE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS, to press on public notice the guilty position of the State in respect to national Slavery,—and to urge a dissolution of that Union which there is no hope of changing,—which links us to such responsibility and shuts up in our jails, in the keeping of our agents, the noblest friends of humanity, and best lovers of their kind.

Resolved, That we pledge to that Society the funds raised at this Convention, and declare that asking for money shall never be out of order at any of our sessions.

Resolved, That the thanks of the slave and the slave's friends are pre-eminently due to Joshua R. Giddings for his fearless, and unsparing rebuke of the slave power on the floor of Congress, as well as for his frank co-operation with the most unpopular measures of the Anti-Slavery movement in Ohio—that to no political man is the country so much indebted for the recent wonderful change in the tone of congressional debate, as to him; and the only regret that we feel, in regard to his case, is, that in swearing to uphold a pro-slavery Constitution, he greatly impairs the force of his moral testimony against Slavery, which can be rendered consistent and effectual only by his openly abjuring that Constitution as involving all who support it in the guilt and condemnation of the slave system.

The Sacred Parasol.

Father John de Plano Carpini who, some six hundred years ago, travelled among the Tartars, has, with much that is interesting and authentic, left us some stories which call to mind such as Herodotus is accustomed to begin with an "*as they say.*" Among other things he relates that "in the land of Kergis the people dwell under ground, because, as they say, they cannot endure a horrible noise which the sun makes at his rising." In this country we have fully as great a horror of the sun as our Kergisian prototypes, and, though we find it inconvenient to live underground, we contrive to be thoroughly subterranean in our modes of thought. As we manage everything by Conventions, we get together and resolve that the sun has not risen, and so settle the matter, as far as we are concerned, definitively. Meanwhile the sun of a new political truth got quietly above the horizon in our Declaration of Independence. Watchers upon the mountaintops had caught sight of a ray now and then before, but this was the first time that the heavenly light-bringer had gained an objective existence in the eye of an entire people.

This was all very well at first, and as long as the only result was a genial warmth confined to proper persons and to fitting occasions, there was no room for any objection. But bye and bye the unprincipled beams began to penetrate into those dark places which it was the interest of certain persons to *keep* dark, and inquisitive people overlooking, it may be, very palpable motes in their own eyes, made discovery and proclamation of whole forests of timber in those of their neighbours. Fears in regard to *heliolites* became now very common, and a parasol of some kind was found necessary as a protection against this celestial bombardment. A stout machine of parchment was accordingly constructed, and, under the respectable name of a Constitution, was interposed where ever there seemed to be danger from the hostile incursions of Light. Whenever this is spread, a dim twilight, more perplexing than absolute darkness, reigns everywhere beneath its shadow. Do any of those sacred birds which, after the Roman fashion are fed and lodged at the public expense in the Capitol, begin to raise a note of forewarning, this wonderful implement is at once opened over their heads and they settle into a contented silence and sleep, deceived by the fictitious night. This holy instrument is looked upon very much as the Ark of the Covenant by the Jews. Certain select officers are appointed for its protection, and these have the privilege of opening and shutting it at will. As corruption will creep into all irresponsible bodies, so it has been rumored that our Levites have made several incursions into the gardens and poultry-yards of their neighbours under the shadow of their precious charge. However, the fault found with them is in an inverse ratio to the success of their predatory expeditions, and a chicken or or an apple bestowed in the right quarter is ordinarily sufficient to secure silence if not applause. Not only is this fortunate invention available for defence, but a thrust made with it is often found effective. The parchment of which it is constructed is moreover covered with certain hagiographies or sacred scriptures, written, as it would seem, in a universal language, since they are capable of any interpretation; but particularly of such as is least expected and least in accordance with the apparent meaning. It must be, however unwillingly, confessed that, in those little excursions for plunder above-mentioned, rents have here and there been made in this our antiphotistic protector through which minds of a fanatic temperament and of unbridled desires begin to get glimpses of blue sky beyond.

It is amazing what importance anything, however simple, gains by being elevated into a symbol. Mahomet's green breeches were doubtless in themselves common things enough and would perhaps have found an indifferent market in Brattle or Chatham street. They might have hung stretched upon a pole at the door of one of those second hand repositories without ever finding a customer or exciting any feeling but of wonder at the uncouthness of their cut. Lengthen the pole a little, and so raise the cast-off garment into a banner and symbol, and it becomes at once full of inspiration and perhaps makes a Moslem General Taylor of the very tailor who cut and stitched it and had tossed it over carlessly a hundred times. So it is with the savage and his *fetish*. He hacks a log into something hideous, calls it a god, and it straightway becomes invested with supernatural qualities to him, not precisely in itself, but as the symbol of something indefinite and unseen. In the same way this contrivance of ours though the work of our own hands, has acquired a superstitious potency in our eyes. The vitality of the State has been transferred from the citizens to this. Were a sacrilegious assault made upon it, our whole body politic would collapse at once. Gradually men are beginning to believe that, like the famous *ancile* at Rome, it fell down from heaven, and it is possible it may have been brought thence by a distinguished personage who once made the descent. Meanwhile the goddess of Liberty is never allowed to go abroad without the holy parasol over her head to prevent her from being tanned, since any darkening of complexion might be productive of serious inconvenience in the neighbourhood of the Capitol.

It is curious to notice how the relations of things are shifted under the shadow of this miraculous parchment. For example, the stealing of negroes from the coast of Africa for purposes of profit, though to the unsophisticated mind it might seem to have some objectionable features, is not stealing, but a laudable mercantile enterprise. On the other hand, to carry negroes away from the District of Columbia in order to set them free, is a crime which goes somewhere beyond sacrilege into the region of we know not what atrocity. It is true that popular prejudice has procured the passage of a law declaring the former exploit piracy, but this only goes to show the ignorance of the vulgar, and the wide difference between sacred and profane views of the same subject. Indeed, what would be the use of having any sacred and inspired ideas at all, if they were not preposterously the reverse of those commonly entertained? Sitting under the shelter of the Constitution, successive Presidents have pardoned every single person convicted of bringing slaves from the coast of Africa, while, by a proper interpretation of the sacred writings, those suspected of the other offence are obliged to give bail to such an amount as prevents all escape.

All Europe, at this moment, exhibits the disastrous consequences arising from the want of some such safeguard as that we have been describing. Light has broken in at several points, and a series of explosions has been the consequence. It is said that the Europeans are only following in our own track. If this be so, it merely adds another illustration of the fact that a good example is worse than thrown away upon the ignorant and degraded who pervert it by a base application. While we are steadily advancing, they have gone backward. While we, the legitimate successors of the chosen people, are piously and scripturally extending the institution of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, over regions hitherto unblessed with this highest refinement of civilization, France, with a malicious exultation, is endeavouring to reduce her happy colonies to her own degraded level. The truth is, that adequate ideas of freedom can never co-exist with any but the Anglo-Saxon race. We are the last remnant of that wonderful people. Let us endeavour to act worthily of our lofty destiny. Cuba can yet be rescued from the machinations of foreign despots.

Above all things we should bear in mind, and be heedful to impress it upon the generation that is to follow us, that there is nothing so dangerous as the light of what is called the Sun of Righteousness. Not only are those who are exposed to its maleficent rays visited by sun-strokes which frequently destroy the equilibrium of the brain for life, but a constant shower of meteoric stones comes down from it, which greatly endangers the lives and property of nations and individuals who reside in houses of glass. Let us learn to prize adequately the Constitutional Protector which shelters us, and devote our united efforts to keeping it in repair. Let it not be, for a moment, supposed that the North is not interested equally with the South in this matter. If the area of our common country is extended seemingly for their sole benefit, do we not have the privilege of paying for it?—If we do not ourselves enjoy the Patriarchal Institution, are we not invited by our Southern brethren to partake of those healthy exercises of the chase which are incident to it, and which tend to keep in activity the more vigorous qualities of body and mind? And if we cannot ourselves have the satisfaction of punishing Drayton and his nefarious accomplices, is it not at least gratifying to think that it is in our jail that they are rotting, that it is our irons which are eating into their atheistical and parricidal flesh, and that if the over-leniency of the law did not screen them from that extreme penalty which they deserve, we should pay for at least three quarters of the Constitutional halter which swung them out of a country to whose principles they are a disgrace?—J. R. L.

Slaveholding Law!

In the *Blue Hen's Chicken*, (published at Wilmington, Delaware,) of the 2d instant, we find the following paragraph:

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE DISTRICT OF DELAWARE:—This Court has been in session for nearly a week at New Castle. John Hunn and Thomas Garrett have been fined, the former $2,500, the latter $5,400 upon conviction, for aiding slaves to escape from Maryland. There is great dissatisfaction here, and there is a general belief that foul play or corruption has been rife to bring such a result. Messrs. Hunn and Garrett are Quakers of exemplary life and character, and although they would feed the hungry, whether the skin was white or black, yet they would not violate the laws knowingly. The public mind seems bound in investigating this strange affair. A public meeting is talked of—some of the Jury are said to be dealers in negroes, in some form. Our Marshal is very much censured. We shall, if we can get it, publish a history of this transaction. If Slavery is permitted to ruin and oppress our best citizens, it is time something was done to remedy the evil.

We learn from a correspondent of the same paper, that the charge against Garrett and Hunn was, for rendering some assistance to several negroes who had been confined in Newcastle jail, in December, 1845, but were liberated on a writ of *habeas corpus*. On this writ, procured through the influence of Garrett, the negroes were discharged by Chief Justice Booth, because there was no testimony in evidence of their being, as was supposed, fugitive slaves. After their discharge by Judge Booth—we beg the reader to mark this—*after their discharge* some food and a night's lodging were given them by John Hunn, and they were driven, in a vehicle of some sort, from Newcastle to Wilmington, by Thomas Garrett. For these acts, the first is fined the sum of $2,500, and the latter, $5,400—an aggregate of $7,900;—and the Judge, in charging the jury, said that if it could be shown that Garrett was *guilty* of the act charged against him, that they must render a verdict accordingly, "*although they (the negroes) had been set at liberty by the Court, and even if he had no reason to believe them slaves.*" By which, if we had the charity, we might believe he meant that there was something peculiarly aggravating in this case—that at the very least, an act, involving, to the last degree, the peace and safety of the community, had been perpetrated. But these alledged slaves, these, as one would suppose, dangerous and desperate creatures, who were ready to fight their way to the border, aided and abetted by those fierce and bloody men, Hunn and Garrett, were—a poor black woman, and her six small children! And Garrett, the chief criminal against whom such heavy damages are recovered, is a quiet, benevolent, and, excepting his inconvenient habit of obedience to the principles inculcated in the New Testament, an inoffensive Quaker.

By this decision we understand, that in the State of Delaware, it is a crime worthy of fine or imprisonment, to give food, lodging, or a ride, to coloured people—men, women, or children—no matter what may be their condition. We shall regret exceedingly if it shall eventually cost such worthy men as Hunn and Garrett, so much, that this fact should be blazoned before the world, but it is nevertheless, a fact worth knowing. We would sooner trust ourself among the Blackfeet Indians, or the most savage of the tribes of the interior of Africa, than with such a people.

LIBERTY LEAGUE CONVENTION.—The Leaguers hild their meeting at Rochester on Wednesday of last week. We find in the *Rochester Advertiser* the following report of their proceedings. They were bothered, it seems, with a troublesome question, and one which will sift their number to, it may be, a respectable but certainly a small minority. We regret that the *Advertiser* did not state what was the result of the debate on this Church question. It says:

A very spirited discussion arose on Wednesday, on a resolution offered, declaring in substance that it was the duty of the party to cut off all connection with pro-slavery churches. The discussion took a wide range and was participated in by Mr. Goodell and Mr. Pennell of Ontario, Rev. Mr. Pryne, Asa B. Smith, and Wm. H. Smith, of Ontario, S. D. Porter, of Rochester, and others.

The principal point in controversy was, what constituted a pro-slavery church and what constituted a pro slavery man. A part of those who participated in the debate contended that a church which retained in its communion members who deposited their votes for a slaveholder for any office, or made use of the products of slave labour, was essentially a pro-slavery church, and as such no member of the Liberty League could consistently hold fellowship with such a church, but it was the duty of members of their party to secede from it at once.

Asa B. Smith opposed the resolution with great energy. He said that because a portion of the members of a church were pro-slavery men, it did not determine the character of the church as a whole.

Mr. Pennell contended that if one member of a church was guilty of any reprehensible conduct, and the church refused to discipline him for it, such act would determine the character of the church. He said that none of the members of the church with which he was connected, voted for slaveholders or for pro-slavery men for office.

Wm. R. Smith, made a very eloquent speech in reply, and other gentlemen followed.

Rev. Charles E. Foote of Michigan, was nominated on Thursday, for the Vice Presidency, Gerrit Smith, of this State, was chosen about a year ago, as their candidate for President.

After the passage of a long series of resolutions, covering almost all the reforms of the day, the National Convention closed its labors on Thursday evening, and on Friday morning the party met in State Convention for the nomination of Governor and other State officers.

Peace!

Telegraphic news has been received here since our last issue announcing that the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Mexico has been ratified by the Mexican Congress. It would give us great satisfaction if we could also announce that the one hundred and odd millions which are yet to be paid for it, was to be assessed by direct tax upon the people. We should have far more faith in the proviso which would be got up instanter, by somebody, and adopted by everybody else, against such another war, than we now have that Wilmot's will prevent Slavery extending into Mexican territory.

"CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA!"—At the Baltimore Convention Mr. Senator Dickinson, who made himself the mouthpiece of the Old Hunkers, bid high for the privilege of being considered chiefly and above all the vassal of the slave power. He hopes that "thrift will follow fawning," and was therefore careful on all occasions to pronounce how ready and glad he was to obey his overseers. At the close of one of his speeches his abuse of the Barnburners was so outrageous and his laudation of the South so fulsome and offensive that about fifty of the Northern Delegates left the House in disgust. On this occasion he expressed his regret "that he was not born in Virginia." With this sentiment the Democrats of Troy at a meeting a few evenings since, expressed their entire unanimity in the following Resolution:

Resolved, That in Senator Dickinson's expression of regret "that he was not born in Virginia," his Democratic constituents fully agree with him. That is the only point on which there is any real sympathy between them and him. That they implore him to attempt to remedy the evil (in which he had no voluntary agency) by emigrating as soon as possible to the State of his preference.

The Resolution, says the Albany Atlas, was adopted with a tumult of applause, and when the band struck up "O! carry me back to old Virginia," there was a perfect uproar of laughter. The air and the words of the song were peculiarly applicable:

And when I am dead and gone,
Place my banjo by my side,
Let the possum and coons to my funeral come,
For they were always my pride.
Then in soft repose I'll sleep,
And dream for evermore,
That you've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

We find the following in the Globe of this city:

ANTI-SLAVERY FEELING IN VIRGINIA.—The *Richmond Southerner*, by no means an abolition paper, holds the following language in relation to public sentiment in Virginia, on the subject of Slavery:

"It is not generally known, yet it is nevertheless true, that two-thirds of the people of Virginia are open and undisguised advocates of ridding the State of Slavery; and, after the year 1850, when the census is taken, their views will be embodied in such form as to startle the South. We speak understandingly. We have, within the last two years, conversed with more than five hundred slaveholders in the State; and four hundred and fifty out of the five hundred, expressed themselves ready to unite on any general plan to abolish Slavery upon almost any terms. Abolition fanaticism at the North has not produced this, but the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of territory has done it. Virginia may be put down as no longer reliable on this question. When she goes, the District of Columbia is free territory; then Delaware and Maryland will also go, and North Carolina and Kentucky will follow suit. This will surround the extreme South with free States; and when that day comes, and it will not be very long, we would just as lief own a parcel of wild turkeys as so many slaves. We may continue this subject in our next; certainly we shall further consider it."

HON. JOHN P. HALE will accept our thanks for a copy of the report of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate on the memorial from the Kentucky Legislature, and the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the commerce and navigation of the United States.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The New England A. S. Convention—Increasing interest in it—To the Abolitionists and to the World—Bumpers this year—Unfavourable weather first day—Antislavery weather guage—How they stood it—Amusing passages unrecorded of Secretaries—Mr. Pierpont on the force of

You will have the official proceedings, I suppose, almost as soon as this letter; so I shall not attempt to give any consecutive account of the doings of the Convention. There were not a few amusing passages which will not probably be spread upon the Record of the Secretaries, if I could recall them, but I am afraid I can't. The first morning Mr. Pierpont was present, and objected to the watchword of the American Anti-Slavery Society of "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," on the ground that the sentence could not be *parsed* as there was no *verb* in it; and that, consequently it had *no meaning*. This position he maintained with his usual dialectic subtlety and acute verbal discrimination. He was reminded that "the cry" (as Taper and Tadpole call it) of no party had commonly a verb in it; as, "No Popery," "No Protestant Ascendancy," "Free Trade," "Protection to Industry," "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," &c. &c. And yet they were pretty well understood. And in illustration of this, James N. Buffum stated a fact as to what happened at Lynn when President Polk, (I think it was,) passed through that cordwaining metropolis. A banner had been prepared bearing the motto "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," and suspended across a street through which the procession was to pass, and when they came to it, they unanimously groaned and hissed. Mr. Pierpont was slightly taken aback at this evidence of the capacity of the American People to understand a sentence without a verb; but he soon recovered himself and exclaimed, "to be sure! They understood it to mean that the ladies of Lynn had made up their minds never *to marry a slaveholder*,—and it 's no wonder they groaned and hissed!"

The evening sessions at Faneuil Hall were of the most successful description. The first evening, as I have said, was a wet one;—but, still, the floor of the hall was well filled. The "great outrages of weather," prevented the galleries, always reserved for ladies, from being as full as could be desired; but, nevertheless, a very good front was presented. On the other two evenings, which were fine, the galleries were filled to overflowing, before the session opened, and the body of the house entirely occupied on both occasions. I have no hesitation in saying, that there were as many auditors present, as at the crowded eulogy of President Everett on Mr. Adams. The inconvenience was less, because there were no seats on the floor of the hall, as on that occasion; but the room was, of course, the more. You know that there is no provision for seating the audience, except in the galleries; and that, consequently, any quantity of people can be packed in perpendicular layers. This also furnishes a good test of the interest excited by a meeting held there; for if people will remain standing for three or four hours listening to speeches "it will go near to be thought" that they are passably good ones.

Our evening meetings, certainly, stood this test. The first evening, Messrs. Charles C. Burleigh, William H. Channing, and Douglass made excellent speeches. That of Mr. Douglass was uncommonly felicitous, and called forth thundering approbation. The second evening was occupied by Messrs. W. W. Brown, Theodore Parker, and Wendell Phillips in their best manner. Mr. Parker having alluded to the fact that Mr. Phillips was "an old-fashioned Calvanist," in illustration of the mutual toleration of diversities of opinion among Abolitionists, and also to the ill consequences of "divisions among Abolitionists;" Mr. Phillips, in following, informed him that there *never had been* any divisions among Abolitionists, that they had always been of one mind from the beginning, and that, though some had gone out from among us, it was because they were not of us. "It is true," said he, in continuation, "that I am an old-fashioned Calvinist. And one of the points which I hold to most strongly, is that of the Perseverance of the Saints; for I believe that *they that have fallen from Grace were never converted!*"

The Hall was fuller the last evening even than it had been the previous night, and before the Chair was taken, there were all the premonitory symptoms of a *row*. All the best places around the sides of the Hall were filled with young men, apparently merchants' and lawyers' clerks, and lads who had, evidently, made up their minds for a night's fun. There was no mischief in them, but it being an immemorial privilege of the Youth of Boston to disturb Anti-Slavery meetings with impunity, they only meant to maintain the prescription. A few good-natured words, however, obtained a hearing for Mr. Pillsbury, who opened the proceedings, and the whole audience was soon carried away by the interest of the speeches. Mr. Pillsbury showed the working-men in the audience the contempt in which they were held by slaveholders and pro-slavery men,—and he read from the Liberator of 1837 predictions of all that had taken place in our recent history, when the political and religious papers, the Atlases and Advertisers, the Recorders and Puritans, were professing lies and smooth things.

The reception of Mr. Remond by an audience of this inflammable character, I look upon as a very significant sign of the times. It is not more than four or five years ago, that Mr. Remond was hooted down in Faneuil Hall, and on no ground but his colour, and not all the efforts of his friends, and of some influential men who were not Abolitionists, could secure for him a hearing. As there had been, several times, during Mr. Pillsbury's speech, riotous demonstrations on a small scale, a disposition to make disorderly noises, which was suppressed by the stronger disposition to hear what he had to say, I felt little doubt that the first appearance of a coloured man on the platform, would be the signal to let loose all the elements of disturbance. But, to my surprise, he was received with profound silence. All parties seemed curious to hear what a black man had to say for himself, and to be highly pleased to find that he could speak to such good purpose. He made a capital speech, and was applauded to the echo. Especially his affirmation of the right of the slaves, not only to run away, but to fight for their liberty, and of the duty of all consistent admirers of the Revolution to go to their help, was received with loud and unanimous applause. He seemed entirely to carry the audience with him.

Mr. Garrison, who followed, referred to this circumstance, and said, that though he did not believe in the efficacy of bloody revolutions, and though he would not purchase the deliverance of the slaves at the cost of a single human life, still; he hailed this expression of sympathy and consent with the ideas just uttered, as a sign that the people of Boston were beginning to recognize the black man as a man, and to be willing to accord to him the same means of recovering his rights that they claim for themselves. Mr. Phillips closed with a brief but pungent speech, full of eloquent statements and witty illustrations, showing the position of the Abolitionists and of the parties and the nation. Among other things he alluded to the fact that Mr. Hale, the Third party candidate, was waiting for the result of the Barnburners' Convention in New York, and, should he be satisfied with its nomination, that he was ready to withdraw in its favour, (as he reserved the right of doing in his letter of acceptance of the Buffalo nomination,) and then went on to say, "When the Third party was formed, in 1840, it took, as its fundamental principle, that it would nominate no candidate who was not sound in all points, a pious, Godly man,—and so it chose Birney the Just, a praying man and a professor of religion.* But time passed on, and it found Birney the Just would not do; and so, without inquiring as to the state of his soul, it took Hale the Available. And, now, it may find itself passed over to John Van Buren, the Young Magician, or perhaps, to Martin Van Buren, the Old Magician, himself! The Third party will wake one fine morning, next November, and, like Rip Van Winkle, it won't know itself! It will open its large, round, innocent eyes, and say "this can't be me! No!" (pointing round to Garrison,) "This is n't me! *That 's me*, yonder!"

After Mr. Phillips concluded, the Convention adjourned with three resounding cheers, which made the roof ring again, and we went our way well content with our *Trois Jours*.

As I was very closely confined to the Convention I cannot tell you much of what happened elsewhere during the week of Anniversaries. I was told that the Rev. Dr. Lowell introduced the subject of Slavery, and proposed certain action thereupon, into the Convention of Congregational Ministers. Of this I will tell you in my next letter, should you not have an account of it from some more authentic source. There were also some entertaining discussions in the Berry street Conference touching the heresies of Mr. Parker, of which I am not sufficiently informed to report them. This Conference is a meeting of Unitarian ministers, held annually in the vestry of the late Dr. Channing's meeting house. At least, it used to be held there, and thence its name. It may have, since, transcended its original limits. I do n't know the particulars, but it must have been very droll to see Unitarians, who are regarded as infidels by nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of Christendom, making fight to show their *orthodoxy*.

By about the time my letter will appear the result of the Whig Convention will be known. The leading papers here indicate plainly enough the policy of the leaders in Massachusetts. A vote thrown away upon Mr. Webster, first; and then concentration on General Taylor. The pack is to be whipped in. The recreant editors who shall refuse to accept Taylor will be decapitated forthwith. It is said that the veteran editor of the Courier heads the list of the proscribed.

"Off with his head! So much for *Buckingham!*"

The editors of the Roxbury Gazette, the Lowell Courier, and all other impracticables, will next be put to death. It will be a perfect massacre of the Innocents—only there will not be many of them. No means will be spared to keep Massachusetts within the traces.

There is, however, not a little private indignation at the way in which Massachusetts has been sold "*running*," as the slave-dealing phrase is, when a man buys a fugitive, and takes the chance of catching him. She was sold to Taylor when not a dozen voices had been heard in his favour! The friends of Mr. Webster, the Young Whigs and all who are restive under the superincumbent weight of Cotton that overlies the party, are deeply indignant at this political jockeyship. It remains to be seen whether they will "be angry and yet sin not." Should Taylor be nominated, and these gentlemen have the soul of the most unmentionable of insects, a new Convention will be called, and another candidate set up. The election might be broken in this State, undoubtedly, and probably in most of the Whig States. But I am afraid there is not *pluck* enough left for it. Most of the Whig gentlemen I have seen think Mr. Cass the preferable man of the two.

D. Y.

* The Third party did not, it seems, adopt the rule of a friend of mine, viz: never to employ a person in his domestic service who brings the character of being "*pious.*" "For," says he, "they always *lie*, and generally *steal!*" The American Anti-Slavery Society would have found its account in accepting this rule of action, in times past.

Notes on New Books.

The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, June 1848. Boston: Coolidge & Wiley. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. and W. H. Graham.

Mr. Parker's Discourse, occasioned on the death of John Quincy Adams, a phonographic report of which has already appeared in some of the Boston papers, and been extensively read and copied, is the attractive paper of this number of the Massachusetts Quarterly. It is the only just analysis that has been made of Mr. Adams's character, and is done in the most candid and masterly manner. The article next in value and interest, is one upon the Causes and Prevention of Idiocy, or rather Physiology generally, which abounds with most important truths, set forth in a most forcible manner.—A second paper upon the Legal Basis of American Slavery, though setting out with the absurdity that Slavery is unconstitutional, which, even if true, is a proposition so abstract, that to make any practical application of it would be utterly impossible, contains, nevertheless, some excellent thought. An article upon Swedenberg as a Theologian, and the usual number of short Reviews and notices, complete the contents of the number.

The North British, May. Leonard Scott & Co. Fulton street.—We observe in this number an article upon the French Revolution of 1848; Tennyson's Poems; Sabbath Observance, a review of a dozen different works upon that subject; The Organization of Labour, reviewing Louis Blanc, Louis Reybaud, and others of the French school; Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography: Forster's Life of Goldsmith; Memoirs of Elizabeth Fry; and the Budget of 1848. As we received it just before going to press, we have only time to glance at the table of contents, which evidently, however, shows an unusually attractive and valuable number.

To Correspondents.

F. D. A package from Providence awaits his order at this office.

A. F. W. A package at 21.

W. W. B. The account is closed.

N. E. On a further examination, we find his communication to be so out of date—and moreover, not of such value as should make him anxious for its appearance—that we have concluded to omit it altogether.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Flowers; May Day of England. *Miscellany*: Coleridge and Keats; The Model Magistrate; Families of Literary Men; Abstinence an aid to Study; Rev. Wm. Smith; Fowell Buxton and the Mad Dog; How to Give; Death not a Painful Process; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Proslavery*: Black and White; Annexation—Jamaica—Cuba—Yucatan. *Selections*: Benjamin Bannaker; Emancipation in the French Colonies; Mild and Just; The National Assembly of France; Slavery; Heroic, if Tragic—The Question.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship Niagara arrived at Boston on Friday last, but she brings only three days later dates than was received by the United States. The only news of importance by her is a further and more full report of the attempted revolution in Paris. We have copied upon our first page a graphic description of the proceedings in the Assembly, and we give below from Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper some further interesting particulars:

THE INSURRECTION.—Everything betokened that Monday would not pass over without disturbance. There was great bustle among the ultra-Republicans, and some of the clubs were more than usually violent. All was done under a pretext of a demonstration in favour of Poland. Blanqui, was particularly vehement at the Sunday night meeting of his club. At ten on Monday morning the populace, composed of the clubs, the national workmen, the provincial delegates, and other violent democratic associations, began to assemble on the Place de la Bastile, and by half-past eleven upwards of fifty thousand persons had been convened. They were marshalled under banners, and marched in procession to the Chamber, the numbers augmenting as they proceeded.

At eleven large bodies of the National Guard and squadrons of cavalry arrived at the Chamber, the gardens and courts of which, and those of the President's house, and the vestibule of the Chamber on the quay, were soon completely filled. Regiments were also stationed at other points around the Chamber.

The populace that formed the procession shouted constantly "Vive la Pologne!" "Vive la République Universelle!" but appeared to awaken no sympathy with the crowd that filled either side of the Boulevards, who rather treated the affair with ridicule.

On arriving at the bridge, finding the passage interrupted, the procession turned toward the Chamber, and arrived at the gate in the Place Lafayette. Gen. Courtais, Commandant of the National Guard, who, justly or unjustly is suspected of being a party to the affair, had previously ordered the bayonets to be taken from the muskets. Some of the people seeing this, were encouraged to scale the railings; others followed and the court of the Chamber was soon filled. General Courtais, then advanced to them with conciliating language; but, in fine, the gates were soon forced open, and the populace entered the Chamber. What transpired there we have given fully in our report of the proceedings of the National Assembly.

Meantime all the places neighbouring the hall of the Assembly were crowded, whilst banners waved, and there was almost ceaseless shouting. The mass was composed chiefly of the workmen, but there was a sprinkling of uniforms here and there. The people were divided into clubs, headed by banners, with their characteristic inscriptions, the most noticeable figure in the procession being Louis Blanc, who had his place about the centre of it, amidst the national workmen, by whom he was loudly cheered.

At half-past two, after the populace had thus been collected round the Chamber for some time, the "rappel" was beaten in all the surrounding quarters of Paris. As, however, it was known that the drummers would be stopped and their drums broken, they were in each instance preceded and followed by strong detachments of the National Guard with fixed bayonets.

Before four the National Guard in immense numbers were everywhere under arms, and marching towards the Chamber. At that hour the troops of the line, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had been called out and were under arms in the neighbourhood of the Chamber.—The esplanade of the Invalides and the quays, and other avenues connecting it with the Chamber were completely filled with these troops mingled with the National Guard. The legions of the National Guard kept pouring in immense bodies, over the bridge, and the vestibule and Court of the Chamber were completely filled with the Garde Mobile. The populace then moved off to the Hotel de Ville, whither the National Guard also proceeded.

THE INSURGENTS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—On the arrival of the insurgents and the members of the new Provisional Government with their escort at the Hotel de Ville, the windows of the hotel were crowded with heads. The gate was guarded by the National and Republican Guards. In spite of opposition Barbès, Raspail, Hubert, and Blanqui entered the hotel. A musket was fired; a terrible panic took possession of the crowd, and they fled in all directions. During this time they pillaged three gunsmiths' shops, the leader being a captain of the 12th legion, commanded by Barbès. Many persons said it was a rioter disguised as a National Guard.

In vain the National Guard, the Republican Guard, and the pupils of the schools, endeavoured by means of conciliation to prevent violence. Several persons climbed over the gates and entered by main force the rooms of the Hotel de Ville. Ten minutes afterwards the gates were opened and the mob got possession of the hotel. The banner of the clubs was substituted for the national colours, and the people occupying the windows, as on the 24th February, cried, "Vive Barbès! Vive la République Démocratique!" Some windows and doors were broken. Barbès was one of the first who entered the hotel de Ville, with a dozen of his friends. He mounted on a table placed in the rooms in the right wing, and read the names of the members of the Provisional Government. Many objections were made to the names of Ledru Rollin and Flocon—the former was received but the latter rejected. The names of Sobrie, Thore, Caussidière, Blanqui, Cabet, Raspail, and Proudhou were accepted with acclamations. Other names were mentioned, with that of Albert; they were also accepted, and proclaimed members of the Provisional Government. A voice cried, "They are going to surround the Hotel de Ville, and kill our brothers. Make haste, Citizen Barbes!" Panic took possession of the assembly, which was composed of three or four thousand persons in blouses, amongst whom were some National Guards. Many persons leaped over the tables and benches, which were upset and injured several.

Arrest of the Leaders.—Barbès and the others kept writing names, and suggesting that so and so should hold office, the people not unfrequently scouting the proposal, and flinging some of the lists out of the windows. Blanqui, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc were every moment called for. A voice then said, "Ledru Rollin is a traitor; he would assassinate you; the Garde Bourgeoise advances." Many voices then called out, "To arms!" At this moment some National Guards in the hotel were disarmed. The "generale" was heard being beaten without, and the Garde Nationale was advancing in strong bodies, Barbès, his friends, and about eighty of the people, then retired into a little room adjoining that they had occupied (the Hall of Conference.) The tumult became frightful. The mob mounted on the tables, upset the paper, the inkstands, and broke many windows. Barbès and his friends shut themselves into the small room, and posted several armed persons at the door. At six Barbès was writing a proclamation, which was to be sent to the printing office, when two Captains and half a dozen National Guards of the 3d and 4th legion entered the hall. "Barbès! Where is Barbès? We must have him!"—such was their first cry. "No, no!" To arms!" vociferated some men with red belts." You shall tread us under foot before you touch him." A greater number of National Guards then entered, and means were taken to enter the room occupied by the three members of the Provisional Government. The sentinels placed near Barbès opposed the most violent resistance.

The cry of "Vive Lamartine!" was then heard; and M. Lamartine arrived. He was borne in triumph through the passages of the Hotel de Ville. It was with difficulty he could pronounce a few words, which were received with enthusiastic acclamations. He was completely overpowered by fatigue and heat.

The 5th and 7th batteries of the artillery of the National Guard then took possession of the passages which conducted to the place where Barbes, Albert, Thoré, and others were placed. They were surrounded and taken into custody. From that moment no person has been allowed to leave the Hotel de Ville, and almost all those persons who were there as spectators were led off to the guardhouse of the National Guard. Barbès was at seven carried to prison. He was pale and crest-fallen. The indignation was extreme. Barbès could not walk; they dragged him. Many times on the way swords were raised against him. Albert was taken in the same manner; his features were much distorted. They then seized Thoré, who appeared less subdued, and he was conducted by the National Guard in the same manner to a place of security.

M. de Lamartine quitted the Hotel de Ville in the midst of popular acclamations. The persons who were in the rooms with Barbès were also arrested, and conducted to prison. These arrests are said to amount to at least sixty. On many persons were found pistols and daggers, and on some letters from the chiefs of the plot. Cries of "Vive l'Assemblee Nationale!" were shouted on all sides.

IRELAND remains tranquil. The trials of Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher had terminated, and the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict in either case.

ITALY.—By advices received at Milan, we learn that a battle has been fought between the Austrian and the Pontifical troops and Italian volunteers, between Cornuda and Molinetto. The Austrians lost four hundred men killed, and five hundred prisoners, and many wounded. Another account says that the battle lasted five hours, and that the Roman troops received a check.

AUSTRIA.—The Wahl-Ordnung, or provisional law to regulate the elections to the First Austrian Parliament has appeared. The Chambers are to meet on the 26th of June. The right of suffrage is extended to all the Austrian citizens, without distinction as to religion, who have attained their twenty-fourth year, possess the free exercise of their civil rights, have been for six months resident in the electoral districts, and are not entitled to vote in the election of members of the Upper Chamber. Daily and weekly labourers, domestic servants, and persons receiving assistance from public charities, are excluded from the suffrage.

In Hungary there are daily disturbances, and a revolution is expected.

The insurrection in Posen is ended by the withdrawal of the Prussian troops from the Polish part of the Duchy.

There has been a change of ministry in Holand.

The standard of revolt has been raised on the Northern frontier of Greece.

Farther from Haiti.

The *Boston Traveller* obtains the following particulars of the late difficulties in Haiti from the captain of the brig Draco, at Boston, from Port-au-Prince, whence she sailed on the 8th ult. The narrative below embraces a connected history of events up to that date, recapitulating some news that we have already published:

The city (Port-au Prince) and environs have recently been the theatre of terror and bloodshed, such as has not been witnessed since the days of the tyrant Dessalines.

The hatred and prejudice existing against the mulatto population, broke forth on the 16th of April. It was the day of the weekly parading of the guards and army, and all the Generals were assembled at the Palace. The President opened the scene by preferring charges against certain mulatto Generals, of treason to the Government. This soon reached the ears of the assembled soldiery, and at a signal, volleys of musketry broke upon the air, and several fell victims to the charge; two other volleys were fired. The President, barely escaping with his life, succeeded in restoring order. Alarm guns were now fired from the fort, and the whole city set in dreadful commotion. A proclamation was sent forth, calling all citizens to arms, to assist in restoring order.

The call was obeyed, and the mulatto merchants and clerks paraded in front of their warehouses for the protection of their property and their homes. This was just at nightfall. Without farther notice the President's Guard, amounting to some 1,500 men, with artillery came down upon them and ordered them to disperse. A general fire was now opened between the two parties, which resulted in the route of the mulattos, who left thirty of their number dead on the scene of the conflict. The refusal of the mulattoes to disperse, was assumed at the palace as treason against the Government, and on the following morning four of their number were arrested and shot in front of the British Consulate. Several others were shot in different parts of the city, wherever they could be found, and on the 18th, one more was shot in front of the British Consulate.

It is supposed that fifty mulattoes were killed in the city, beside many others on the plains. All the foreign Consulates, as well as the houses of foreigners, became asylums of the mulattoes, and were densely crowded.—A French corvette was lying in the Roads, and the French Consul, with a boldness becoming his dignity, demanded of the President an amnesty on threat of bombardment. This had its effect, and a proclamation was issued, granting pardon to all except twelve, whose names were given in the proclamation. This notice enabled the twelve to escape in disguise on board vessels in the harbour.

Another proclamation was issued, calling on all citizens to open their doors and resume business on pain of being considered as being compromised; but so little confidence was placed in the sincerity of the President, that it was not until the 24th of April that any business was done, and even up to the present date very little has been done, except to embark such effects as could be got on board foreign vessels. No farther disturbance has since taken place, yet very little confidence is felt that peace will continue many weeks. The President has set out on a tour through the South, with a large force, as it is said, to restore order, and until he return no further demonstration will be made.

The Commercial Agent of the United States hoisted his flag in the early part of the troubles; and his house, in common with other Consulates, became the asylum of the persecuted mulattoes.

Commerce is at a stand, and the money of the country depreciating every day. Many families have embarked and others are preparing to follow as soon as they can arrange their affairs.

There was no doubt, say the accounts, that the mulattoes looked to France to aid them, and had requested that power to take possession of the Island.

General Items.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its recent session, elected the following officers for the next four years:

Agents of Book Concern in New York—Rev. G. LANE and Rev. L. SCOTT.

Editor of Christian Advocate and Journal—Rev. A STEVENS, late Editor of *Zion's Herald*.

Editor of Methodist Quarterly Review—Rev. Prof. MCCLINTOCK, of Dickinson College.

Secretary of Missionary Society—Rev. C. PITMAN.

Editor of Sunday School Advocate, &c—Rev. D. P. KIDDER.

The Right of Man to the Possession of Himself.—It is mean to steal; it is very mean to covet that which justly belongs to our neighbour; and we punish the thief because he has made a forcible breach of that tenure which is intended to secure to every man the possession of his own. But in all this we punish as much in sorrow as in anger; and, unless the act is particularly wanton or aggravated in its character, we never entirely lay aside our regret that a man has exposed himself to merited punishment. And when some poor wretch, driven by his wants, or by the necessities of a suffering family, has taken by stealth that of which he stood in perishing want, we allow our sympathies scope, and, while we admit the necessity of the administration of justice, we invoke the gentle ministration of mercy, and smother our indignation in sorrow and pity.

But when a man, the creature of God, endowed with reason, gifted with an insatiable longing after liberty, and dying with want at its deprivation, takes his freedom in his own hands and steals and runs away with himself, no words can express the rage and indignation with which the crime is regarded by those who have adopted the blasphemous dogma that man may make merchandise of man, and that bodies and souls may be bought and sold like goods and chattels.—*Ohio State Journal.*

First Female Member of the A. A. A. S.—Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discoverer of the Comet which bears her name, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at their last general meeting. We believe this is the first time such an honour has been conferred on any lady in this country; and a similar honour has been conferred on but two ladies in Europe. Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister and assistant of the late Sir William Herschell in his astronomical labours, and Mrs. Somerville, the commentator on La Place, were some years ago elected honorary members of the Astronomical Society of London.—*Boston Traveler.*

Manumitted.—The coloured girl, recently abducted from Downington, of which we gave the details at the time, has been purchased of her master for the sum of $500. The benevolent efforts of Dr. Sharples, and other philanthropic individuals who contributed to liberate the poor woman, are worthy the highest commendation. Who will say this is not a *free* country?—*Westchester (Pa.) Record.*

Salome Muller, the German woman, whose suit for freedom on the ground of her not being of African blood, excited so much interest some time since, has at last established her freedom in the New-Orleans Courts, and is now sueing John F. Miller for the freedom of her children.

San Jacinto Pat.—This celebrated Indian Chief, who is carrying such terror into the white settlements of Yucatan, is of Irish descent. His father was an Irishman of great weight and influence with the Yucatecoes, and his mother was an Indian woman. He is possessed of great courage, activity and firmness, and in many respects strongly resembles Carrera, the Indian President of Gautemala.—San Jacinto Pat belongs to the Young Irelanders, and is a strong advocate of the physical force doctrine.—*N. O. Delta.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from May 13, to June 5, 1848.

430	Martha B. Beals, Hingham, Mass.	$1 00
467	L. B. Cowls, Austinburgh, Ohio	1 00
462	Miles Brown, Riceville, N Y	1 00
467	S. G. Andrews, Bradford, N H	5 00
474	O. Cushing, South Hingham, Mass	1 00
467	Ann M. Whiting, Concord, Mass	1 00
416	Sarah Bradford, Boston, Mass	1 00
467	Richard Clapp, Dorchester, Mass	3 00
416	H. Lawson, Boston	1 00
469	Austin Flint, Leicester Mass	2 00
469	Samuel May, "	2 00
423	Mrs. F. Hinckley, "	1 00
414	C. C. Flanders, Worcester, Mass	45
421	O. H. Blood, "	50
391	Charles Hadwin, "	1 00
444	Edward Southwick, "	1 00
468	J. C. Wyman, "	2 00
471	Francis Clough "	1 00
455	Henry Chapin "	1 00
467	A. Tucker "	1 00
467	G. W. Russell "	1 00
466	H. H. Chamberlain "	1 00
441	C. G. Mangon "	50
467	G. Valentine "	1 00
467	W. D. Prouty "	1 00
467	Charles F. Roberts "	1 00
441	E. O. Ellinwood "	50
467	Nelson Esty, Rutland, Mass	1 00
427	John Brown, E Greenwich, R I	1 00
407	Joseph Arnold, Providence, R I	1 00
468	Wm. Reynolds, E Greenwich, R I	1 00
476	R. Shreve, Richmond, Ia	1 00
460	Bowen Reynolds, Wickford, R I	1 00
468	Asa Fairbanks, Providence, R I	2 00
456	Isaac Fiske, Fall River, Mass	1 00
469	E. L. Capron, Worcester, Mass	1 00
467	Isaac Easton, Richland, N Y	1 00
	Joseph Gould,	1 00
469	Mary Willard, Deerfield, Mass	1 00
433	B. F. Robbins, Harwich, Mass	1 00
446	E. Morrill, jr. Belfast, Me	1 00
468	M. Hutchinson, King's Ferry, N Y	1 00
468	Mrs. M. A. Babcock, Boston, Mass	2 00
417	C. M. Rice "	1 00
465	W. B. Toleson, New Bedford, Mass	1 00
424	A. Chase, Salem, Mass	2 00
482	Mrs. Samuel May, Boston	2 00
473	Louisa Cone, Champion, N Y	1 00
468	Delia Coney, Denmark N Y	1 00
468	G. B. Stebbins, Rochester N Y	2 00
468	H. T. Bumstead, Bloomfield Ct	1 00
465	David Wilder, Smithville Flats N Y	74
465	Thomas A. Green, New Bedford Mass	1 44
468	E. Day, West Winfield N Y	1 00
458	M. A. Messenger, New York	1 00
468	Joseph Post, North Hempstead N Y	1 00
468	George V. Corey, Stu bridge Mass	1 00
473	Wm. Davenport, Salem Mass	1 00
468	Stephen Watrous, Groton Ct	1 00
468	E. W. Clap, Walpole Mass	1 00
464	Seth Rogers, New York	2 00
483	Sarah H. Marshall, New York	2 00
407	E. M. Cook, Richmond Ia	1 00
466	Alcinda Smith do	1 00
394	B. Broomhall, Sommerton O	1 00
469	Charles Bronnell, Waterloo N Y	2 00
466	P. I. Tripp, Freetown Mass	1 00
468	R. Mosher, North Galway N Y	1 00
468	Joseph Pierce, Pleasantville N Y	1 00
466	Moses Pierce do	1 00
466	E. S. Dudley, Brooklyn N Y	50
471	John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley N Y	1 00
465	D. Ketchum do	1 00
452	C. Darling, Worcester Mass	1 00
446	Thomas P. Nichols, Newport R I	50
476	John Begbie, Newark N J	1 00
470	Bob Wilbur, N Easton N Y	2 00
470	C. Routh, Boston Mass	2 00
468	D. F. Child do	3 00
468	Charles K. Whipple Boston Mass	3 00
468	E G. Loring do	4 00
440	L. E. Chase, Worcester Mass	1 00
469	C. J. Barber, Portland Me	1 00
472	Daniel Boxton, jr. Danvers Mass	1 00
469	F. La Croix, E Medway Mass	1 00
469	Edward Blake, South Natick Mass	1 00
469	D. A. Hathaway, Warren Mass	1 00
454	A. Foster, Canterbury N H	1 00
473	H. Proctor, Twinsburg O	1 00
417	A. D. Tripp, Waterbury N Y	25
417	J. Dana, N Killingly Ct	1 00
		113 20

DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

Seth Rogers, New York	5 00	
		5 00
Total,		$118 20

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to right against law and custom;—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men, and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity.—Union being strength, that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti-Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party; and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partisan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation, which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective, energy, and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTISLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
For the Committee.

[The names of the Committee not having been received in season for this paper, will appear next week.]

All persons desiring the privilge of coöperating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management. *Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing to it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon as convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated for the sake of the cause to continue the same good office, [by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, Dec'r. 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

MEETINGS IN THE WEST.

Henry C. Wright, the Apostle of Peace, and Charles C. Burleigh, the eloquent Antislavery Advocate, will hold meetings at the following places, viz: at

Pittsburgh,	Pa.	June 15th,	16th & 17th
New Brighton,	"	"	19th & 20th
Lowellville,	Ohio	"	22d
Youngstown,	"	"	24th & 25th
New Lyme	"	"	27th
Painesville,	"	"	29th
Chagrin Falls,	"	July	1st & 2d
Cleveland,	"	"	4th
Twinsburgh,	"	"	6th
Richfield,	"	"	8th & 9th
Akron,	"	"	11th
Ravenna,	"	"	13th & 14th
Randolph,	"	"	15 & 16th
Massillon,	"	"	18th

The meetings at New Lyme, Cleveland, and Akron, will commence at ten o'clock, A. M.; the others, on the first day of the meetings at two o'clock, P. M. subsequent days at 10 A. M.

The

Poetry.

FLOWERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming!
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they growing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Nor alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield:

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old cathedrals high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

MAY-DAY OF ENGLAND.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the God unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh quilted colours through the aire;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since, yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matteyns seyed,
And sung their thankful hymens; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire;
Feare not, the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corrinna, come; and, comming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if square were those coole shades of love
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obay
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girle this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,
Before that we have left to dreame;
And some have wept, and woo'd and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odde and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keye's betraying
This night, and locks pickt; yet w' are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne;
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe;
So when you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.
Herrick.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

O humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers!
Christian Messenger.

Miscellany.

COLERIDGE AND KEATS.

Coleridge—the dreamer, as many term him—was one of the most remarkable of men. It is his very dreaminess that we love: many are the beautiful, wild, and sublime combinations that we have in gentle slumberings. Indeed some of our loveliest pictures have been presented in dreams: there has been a richer colouring, and a softer tint, and a browner shade, and a more unruffled calm, and a more hallowed quietude, and more magnificent bursts of melody, and fresher breezes, and more silvery tones, and more delicious scents, and a fairer moon, and a more resplendent sun, and more spiritual beauty breathing from the stars, and deeper music in the hum of bees, and song of birds, and a darker forest foliage, and a more soothing twilight, and more enchanting daybreaks, and looks more piercing, and glances more tender, and vows more fervent, and aspirations higher, and loftier, and more majestic.

Keats, too, was a dreamer—he could "dream deliciously." He may be wanting in masculine energy, and tremendous power; but he fully makes up for this in sweetness of thought and diction; he melts his readers; his lines are luscious; he is the very spirit of love; his "Endymion" is full of all charming things; it is the dream of a soul redolent of earth's freshness, and earth's glory. He is one of the most luxurious of writers; his verses tremble with sweetness; they are flower-scented, and flower-tinted; there is the odour of the rose, and violet, and pink; their richness cloys; the soft blue sky, and the light green meadows, and the silver voice of the lark, and the gentle music of the trees, and the melody of streams, and the black tresses of woman, and woman's tenderness and devotedness, and the unutterable bliss of pure attachment, and the eternal language of imperishable faith, are visioned in his poetry; they become vital; they live. It is like some old garden, where every shape and form of beauty suns itself beneath the summer heaven, but which has been neglected and forgotten. There is a wild luxuriance, a straggling and endless wealth; his words seem dipt in honey; he revels in the calm serenity of creation; you hear the murmuring of the rippling waters, and the deep, low sounds of the wild woods.

He was nature itself—as divine, as rich, as delicious; he seemed to float on softest clouds; he was the incense of flowers; everything he said was music; he weltered in sweets; he talked of beauty; and there were silver sounds. No man, before or after, imaged the universe more truly; the fair and blushing charms of heaven and earth glow in all his paintings, and he was sublime; his "Hyperion" is a magnificent and massive fragment. The boy had a gigantic soul; it was endowed with grandeur and tremendous power.

It is true, he has written much nonsense; but it is sweet nonsense. Other men's is harsh and grating; but this is a lively strain of music; it took the hue and colouring of his own star-lit fancy; he bathed in the blue empyrean, and afterwards slept and dreamed on a bed of aramanths. How exquisite his opening line in "Endymion." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" It is dropping with nectar; the sweet soft streams meandering through flowery meadows; "trees, young and old, sprouting a shady boon for simple sheep;" golden clouds, the serene blue of heaven; the chiming brook; the slant beam of the sun, lighting up some dark copse; the murmur of gnats in the calm eventide of summer; the chirping of birds in the low dell; the kindling dawn; the new fresh spring; "the mid forest brake," rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms; the purple butterfly; the orange-blossom; the silver ray glancing through the green leaves, as they tremble in the breeze; the sound of the village bell; the perfumes of the honey-suckle; "the shells on the sea sand;" the low cottage, with the vine climbing its windows; the steeple of some old church; the child playing with its companion; the infant reposing on the fond bosom of its mother; the first prayer; the domestic hymn; are all things of beauty, and are joys forever!

Coleridge is master of imperishable thought; many of his strains cannot die away; they breathe the music of immortality; his verse is inspired with all the divinity of poetry; it is steeped in the essence of eternity; its mighty influences sweep over the spirit as everlasting symphonies from an angel's harp. There is both a subtle beauty and a stirring grandeur about them: they kindle the enthusiasm of the soul; they move the keenest sensibilities of the heart. He writes with an energy which exalts, a sweetness which melts: at times, he stands on the mountain's brow, and the storm is the music he loves; but at other seasons, he reclines on some mossy bank, beneath the clear silver moon-light, and the soft breeze is the melody he chooses. "The Ancient Mariner" is a tale of supernatural beauty; we are entranced while perusing it; we become isolated; we are bound by some wild deep spell; it is a strain of another existence; there are unearthly witcheries about it; it is sweeter than the murmur of a dream; it is the production of a brilliant imagination in some eventide when its brightness became, as it were, a soft, golden light. Madame de Stael says: "It is a great art in certain fictions to imitate by words the solemn stillness which imagination pictures in the empire of darkness and death;" and Coleridge has succeeded in this to admiration.—*Criticisms by John W. Lester.*

PUNCH'S PORTFOLIO.

The ever-witty *Punch* has parodied the celebrated letters of Lord Palmerston to the Spanish Government, in fictitious letters to the ambassadors at the courts of Constantinople and Petersburgh. We extract the following:—

I.—*From Viscount Palmerston to H. E. the English Ambassador at Constantinople.*

Esteemed Sir,—I have to desire that you will wait on the Grand Vizier and convey to his Excellency the sentiments which actuate this Government with regard to the present position of the Ottoman Empire.

You will state to the Grand Vizier that the line of politics pursued by the Sultan can by no means meet with the approval of this country. Reforms are needed in the administration and in the religion of the Ottoman empire, the adoption of which you will urge with all the energy in your power.

The spectacle of a Sultan surrounded by at least five hundred wives is odious to Europe, and unworthy of the present age of civilization. Her Majesty's Government blushes to have to acknowledge, post after post, the birth of Princes and Princesses of the family of Abdul Mejeed; and, as England has not the slightest pretensions to control the actions of any State with which she is in alliance, you will point out to the Government of the Porte that his Imperial Highness is at perfect liberty to select any one of his wives that he may prefer, but that he must send back to their parents the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine.

The religion at present professed by the Sovereign of the Turkish empire, and by a considerable portion of his subjects, is, you will have the goodness to inform the Grand Imaun, an exploded superstition, and an insult to the civilization of Europe. It must no longer be allowed to exist in this quarter of the globe.

You will therefore request his Excellency, on the part of this Government, to subscribe the Thirty-Nine Articles as soon as may be; and also, at his earliest convenience, to learn the catechism. The Mollah of Exeter, an English Bishop, will go out to conciliate the Turkish clergy, and will be Patriarch of Constantinople.

Further reforms will be the subject of further communications. Among these you may mention our desire that the Turkish Government should establish gas-lamps, trial by jury, weekly and Sunday newspapers, Harvey sauce, two legislative Chambers, and the £10 qualification for voting. I am, &c.

PUMICESTONE, Downing-street.

To H. E. Sir G. Goosequill.

II.—*From the Grand Vizier to H. E. the English Ambassador.*

In the name of Allah! The Grand Vizier has received the chaplet of roses from the paradise of Downing street. The eloquence of Pumicestone sings out like a nightingale from amongst the flowers. It is sweet to listen to his music.

But the nightingale, though sweet, is melancholy; and who does not know that there are thorns in roses?—They have pricked the fingers of the Grand Vizier. The notes of the British bulbul have made the Padishah sad in spirit.

Why should he part with any of his wives? Let him who has too many sew them in a sack. The children of the Father of the Faithful will not be so costly to his country as are the many rosebuds of the Joy-gardens of Pimlico.

The Exeter Mufti shall be welcome to the holy men of Constantinople. If Pomicestone Pasha will change his religion, the Grand Vizier will be baptized. If the English Mollah is constant, why should the Turkish Imaun be a renegade? Let them come and each have his say. If they brawl and quarrel too much, let either be accommodated with bastinado.

In respect to the other reforms proposed by Britannic wisdom, the Grand Vizier will respectfully ask—Are Britons the only possessors of beards? Who is it that rules in his own house? Is it the lord of the house, or his neighbour? Pumicestone is a sage, but we too have sages.

Once, in the gardens of Delight, overhanging the Bosphorous, the young prince Shukoor Khandee, son of the Lightlof the Universe, found the egg of a peacock, which he took to the Sultana Valide, the mother of the sovereign. "Look, O, Grandmother," said Prince Shukoor, "this outer surface that you see is what they call a shell. Within the shell is a white slimy fluid, within the white a yellow yolk. I prick the head of the shell with a pin; I place it to my lips, and suck in, and lo! I withdraw the yolk and the white from the shell, and they slip down my own throat."

"O, wise in thine own conceit!" the Princess answered. "Dost thou teach thy father's mother how eggs are eaten? Lo! I knew how to suck them before thou camest into the world!" And clapping her hands for Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs, she bade him apply the bamboo to the Prince Shukoor.

Do we not know how to suck eggs, O, Ambassador? So write to Pumicestone Pasha, and bid him operate on his own hen roosts.

To the British Minister. KABOB PASHA.

From the London Punch.

THE MODEL MAGISTRATE.

He is a barrister with a subdued practice, and but little known beyond the usher of his Court. He soon learns, however, that the scales of Justice have two sides—one for the rich, one for the poor. The balance as he holds it, is rarely equal. For the one there is a fine, "which is immediately paid;" for the other there is the House of Correction, with hard labour. The gentleman is invited to a seat on the bench; the pauper is kindly informed that "he had better mind what he is about." He knows the intrinsic value of every assault, and has fixed a market price for every limb. An eye costs very little more than a case of drunkenness. A broken head he puts down at a couple of sovereigns or a donation to the poor-box. He is sorry to see young gentleman "who have been dining out," forget themselves so, and will only fine them five shillings this time. He is sure he has seen every apple-woman before. He will have no trading on the kerbstones. He has great faith in the words of the police, and calls them by their real names. He has a just hatred of a cabman, only to be equalled by his profound aversion for an omnibus-conductor,—He sees a poacher in every smock-frock.

All beggars he sentences to the Mill. He addresses a pickpocket as "Sir," and is sarcastic upon boys, calling them "young gentlemen." He delights in summoning overseers, and beadles, and enjoys a good collision with the workhouse. He regrets exceedingly to commit a nobleman. He has a private room for a lady shoplifter, and is glad to inform her that she "leaves this Court with her character quite unimpugned," though the matter has been compromised within his hearing. He has the most sublime contempt for the opinions of the press. He does not care what they say of him, though he does inveigh sometimes rather strongly against them. He does not like his law to be questioned, but of the two evils prefers a lawyer to a barrister. He jokes sometimes, and the whole Court, excepting the poor prisoner, at whose expense the lugubrious joke is cut, laughs tremendously.

The Model Magistrate arrives at the Police Office at 10, but does not mind keeping the Court waiting. He leaves as soon as he can, though he is not very partial to visits at his own residence. But what he likes least are remonstrances from the Home Office, for, strangely enough, a Magistrate has been dismissed before now. This may have some little influence, in keeping the race of Model Magistrates rather restricted. May it soon become extinct! It is most pitiful to hear of a Magistrate committing himself instead of others!

From the Dollar Newspaper.

FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.

The Quarterly Review, in discussing the copyright bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, which was taken by Sir Edward Sugden, gives some very curious particulars about the progeny of literary men.

"We are not," says the writer, "going to speculate about the causes of the fact, but a fact it is, that men distinguished for any extraordinary intellectual power of any sort, rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so; men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritence amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless; Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The granddaughter of Milton was the last of his blood.—Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Wapole, Cavendish, (and we might greatly extend the list,) never married.—Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood.—M. Renouard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another noblessee. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envions jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its "bright consummate flower," in this kind it seems commonly to be near its end."

Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and literature, of our time, were Davy and Walter Scott.—The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead; only one of whom (Mrs Lookhart) leaving issue, and the fourth (his eldest son) though living, and long married, has no issue. These are curious facts.

From the Philadelphia Journal of Health.

ABSTINENCE AN AID TO STUDY.

Boswell, in his life of Johnson, tells us, "that in 1737 this celebrated individual abstained entirely from liquors, a practice to which he ridgidly conformed for many years together, at different periods of his life."

Mr. Croker, in his edition of his work, recently published, makes the following pertinent observation on this passage: "At this time his (Dr. Johnson's) abstinence from wine, may perhaps be attributed to poverty: but in his subsequent life he was restrained from that indulgence by, as it appears, moral, or rather medical consideration. He probably found by experience, that wine, though it dissipated for a moment, yet eventually aggravated the hereditary disease under which he suffered, and perhaps, it may have been owing to a long course of total abstinence, that his mental health seems to have been better than in the earlier portion of his life. He says in his *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 13, 'By abstinence from wine and suppers, I obtained sudden and great relief; and had freedom of mind restored to me, which I have wanted for all this year, without being able to find any means of obtaining it.' Selden had the same notion, for being consulted by a person of quality, whose imagination was strangely disturbed, he advised him, "not to disorder himself with eating or drinking; to eat very little supper, and to say his prayers daily when he went to bed; and I (Selden) made but little question but he would be well in three or four days."—(Table Talk, page 17.) "These remarks," continues Mr. Croker, "are important, because *depression of spirits* is too often treated on a contrary system, from ignorance of, or inattention to, what may be its *real cause*."

Numerous other instances of the same tenor could be readily adduced. "It often happened," says the biographer of the great Luther, "that for several days and nights he locked himself up in his sutdy, and took no other nourishment than bread and water that he might the more uninterruptedly pursue his labours."

We shall conclude by quoting an article from the Appendix to the Anniversary Report of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, May, 1830.

"The temperance and abstemiousness of most of the ancient philosophers is well known. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, used no other drink than water. In modern times, we ought not to be ignorant of the fact, that Sir Isaac Newton when composing his celebrated treatise upon optics, confined himself to *water* and a *vegetable diet:* to this abstemious mode of living, probably may be ascribed the great age, viz: eighty-five years, to which he attained. John Locke, too, died in the seventy-third year of his age; his common drink was water, which he justly considered as the cause of his life being prolonged to so great an age, notwithstanding the original feebleness of his constitution, and the distressing disease, the asthma, under which he laboured for many years. To this temperate mode of life, too, he was probably indebted for the increase of those intellectual powers which gave birth to his incomparable work on the human understanding, his treatises on government and education, as well as his other writings, which do so much honour to his memory.—*Hosack's Address.*

"Boyle, the father of modern chemistry, and the liberal promoter of science in general, though posessed of a very delicate constitution, attained to the age of sixty-five years. His drink was water. It has been said of him, that "the simplicity of his diet, to all appearance, preserved his life so long beyond men's expectation: and in this he was so regular, that in the course of above thirty years he neither ate nor drank to gratify the varieties of appetite, but merely to support nature.

"Euler, the famous mathematician, who attained the advanced age of seventy-six years, was strictly temperate. He is represented as of a cheerful and always pleasant temper; fond of society, and had the art of enlivening it by an agreeable wit.

"Without being able to affirm that La Place, the most original and celebrated philosopher since the time of Newton, drank nothing but water, we have the evidence of this eulogist before the French Institute, that he was enabled to continue his excessive application to study until within two years of his death without any inconvenience, owing to his always using very light diet, even to abstemiousness. La Place died in the seventy-eigth year of his age."

Rev. William Smith.—The Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, entertaining notions somewhat singular of subjects becoming the pulpit, was in the habit of preaching occasional sermons on the Lord's day after the marriage of his children.

When Mary, his eldest daughter, was married to Richard Cranch, a match which he highly approved, his text was, "Mary hath chosen that part, which cannot be taken from her."

With the marriage of Abigail to John Adams, he was not so much pleased; as he imbibed some of the prejudices of the times against country lawyers. Ah! little did he then anticipate the future eminence which awaited this son-in-law! His text, at this marriage, was, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, he hath a devil."

The third daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Rev. John Shaw, of Haverhill. This was a connection which the father greatly approved, which led him to preach from the following text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

FOWELL BUXTON AND THE MAD DOG.

An incident which occurred during the summer of 1816 is thus mentioned by Mr. Buxton in a letter to his wife, who, fortunately was absent at the time:—

"Spitalfields, July 15, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at St. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth.—I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got to Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or to kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do; having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck: he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.

"Was there ever a more merciful escape?—Think of the children being gone! I felt it most seriously, but I cannot now write more fully. I have not been at all nervous about it, though certainly rather low, occasioned partly by this, and partly by some other things.

"I do not feel much fit for our Bible meeting on Wednesday—but I must exert myself.

"PS. Write me word whether Fowell has any wound on his fingers, and if he has one made by the dog, let it be cut out immediately; mind these are my positive orders."

He afterwards mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in this hurried letter.

"When I seized the dog," said he "his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with the other hand, and at last the gardner opened the door, saying, 'What do you want?' 'I 've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain I walked into the yard carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck, and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.*

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward, and gave, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, who threw down upon the table a small silver coin—

"Take dat back again," said the negro who received the money.

"Dat may be according to de first resolution, but not according to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and almost all giving more than himself, he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying—

"Dere! take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again,

"No, dat wont do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a smile on his face, very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer.

"Very well," said the negro, "dat according to all de resolutions."

Death not a Painful Process.—We think that most persons have been led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is; first, because they have found by what they experienced in themselves and experienced in others, that sentient beings often struggle when in distress; hence, struggling to them is a sign, an invariable sign of distress. But we may remark, that struggles are very far from being invariable signs of distress;—muscular action and consciousness are two distinct things, often existing separately; and we have abundant reason to believe that in a great proportion of cases, those struggles of a dying man which are so distressing to behold, are as entirely independent of consciousness as the struggles of a recently decapitated fowl. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change, is because men often endure great pain without dying, and forgetting that like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances, they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many persons who live to the age of puberty, undergo tenfold more misery than they would, did they understand correct views concerning the change. In all cases of dying, the individual suffers no pain after the sensibility of his nervous system is destroyed, which is often without much, and sometimes without any previous pain. Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning, those who are decapitated with one blow of the axe, and those who are instantly destroyed by a crush of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from a state of life to a dead state. One moment's expectation of being thus destroyed far exceeds in misery the pain during the act. Those who faint in having a little blood taken from the arm, or on any other occasion, have already endured all the misery they ever would, did they not again revive. Those who die of fevers, and most other diseases, suffer their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days before they expire. The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; their pain becomes less and less acute under the same existing cause; and at the moment when their friends think them in the greatest distress, they are more at ease than they have been for many days previous; their disease, as far as respects their feelings, begins to act upon them like an opiate. Indeed, many are already dead as it respects themselves, when ignorant bystanders are much the most to be pitied, not for the loss of their friend, but for their sympathizing anguish. Those diseases which destroy life without immediately affecting the nervous system, give rise to more pain than those that do affect the system so as to impair its sensibility. The most painful deaths which human beings inflict upon each other are produced by rack and fagot. The halter is not so cruel as either of these, but more savage than the axe.—Horror and pain considered, it seems to us that we should choose a narcotic to either.—*Charles Knowlton, M. D.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

La Liberté mentions that M. Lamartine had received more than twenty letters threatening him with assassination; happily the 4th of May was the day fixed for the perpetration of the deed, and unlike the ides of March to Cæsar, it has not only come but gone.

Something new at last.—We wager we have seen something which has never yet been seen by a pair of mortal eyes. We were eating a bun at the time, and involuntarily dropt it from surprise. This sacrifice was occasioned by a special constable appearing suddenly at the door. He was attired in the garb of a Quaker!—*Punch.*

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever met with out of the pages of the Bible.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Model Lodging-house in St. Giles's is now ranked, and not improperly, amongst the "sights" of London, and attracts, in common with establishments of far higher pretensions, but not more praiseworthy objects, a considerable share of attention and curiosity. Nothing can exceed the extreme cleanliness, precision, and order with which the internal affairs of the institution are conducted; whilst at the same time, the inmates enjoy as much freedom, repose, and rational indulgence as those who frequent the stately club-houses of Pall-mall. Indeed, we were informed that the Model Lodging-house is called the St. Giles's Club-house, which does not now, as formerly, convey an idea of an assembling of idle, roaring Irishmen, but of sober, well-conducted, industrious, hard-working men of all countries, who, at the convenient and almost incredibly small rate of 2s. 4d. per week, enjoy a well-lighted, well-ventilated, comfortable bed-room, a spacious coffee-room, a choice collection of books, use of a kitchen and kitchen utensils, warm and cold baths, and, in brief, every necessary accommodation for making life agreeable.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

The Cobden Testimonial Fund.—A meeting of the Committee to the Cobden Fund was held at the Town Hall, Manchester, on Saturday morning, when a number of the principal contributors to the fund were present, including Mr. Robert Hyde Greg, Mr. William Rawson, and Mr. George Wilson, the three Treasurers; with Mr. James Heywood, M. P.; Mr. James Kershaw, M. P.; Messrs. Ald. Shuttleworth, Ald. Potter, T. B. Potter, R. Ashton, T. Ashton, Henry Ashworth, Thomas Woolley, W. Bickham, W. Evans, J. Simpson, T. Hunter, Edmund Potter, Salis Schwabe, Thomas Barnes, and Mr. Schofield, of Littleborough. It appeared that the amount subscribed was £79,000, from which £4,800 had to be deducted for expenses, leaving a balance of £74,000 to be placed at Mr. Cobden's disposal.

Householders in the United Kingdom.—The census for 1841, gives as the number of males resident in England and Wales, and being upwards of twenty years of age, 4,130,763—somewhat less than a third, and more than a fourth of the entire population. It gives also the number of inhabited houses in the same countries, at 2,943,989. Casting off, then, a proportion for those between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and taking into account joint occupancy in the case of a considerable number of houses, we find that universal suffrage would give to England and Wales 4,000,000 of voters, and that household suffrage would give 3,000,000—the relative proportion being four to three. The population for the whole of Great Britain is stated by the census to be 18,844,434—add for Ireland 8,175,238—and you have a gross total of 27,009,672. The number of voters which this population would give would be nearly as follows. On the plan of universal suffrage, under 7,000,000—on that of household suffrage, above 5,000,000.—*Nonconformist.*

Pithy Colloquies.—The following traits of the recent French revolution are worth noting. A ludicrous story is told of an old woman, who was stopped by the patrol. "Qui vive?" they cried, to which a shrill voice replied, "C'est moi—*mais* ne craignez rien, citezens." "They killed my brother at the Palais Royal," cried a young man, "and I must kill some one of them." "Whom can you kill," said a National Guard to him, "who would not also be your brother?" A man of the people exclaimed: "And they say we are lazy? Why, yesterday we swept out a Court and two Chambers!"

Difference between a Maxim and a Truth.—The English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding—between a principle and a maxim—an eternal truth and a mere conclusion generalized from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss-roses all red, concludes from his own experience, and that of others, that all moss-roses are red. That is a maxim with him—the *greatest* amount of his knowledge upon the subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss-rose; after which the maxim was good for nothing. Again, suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the Western horizon for the first time: he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is, a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety. Now, compare this, in its highest degree, with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third. This, demonstrated of one triangle, is seen to be eternally true of all imaginable triangles. This is a truth perceived at once by the intuitive reason, independently of experience. It is, and must ever be so, multiply and vary the shapes and sizes of triangles as you may.—*Coleridge.*

The Whisperer and his Excellency's Mare.—We hailed with no small delight the arrival of the splendid steamer *Juno*, as the commencement of a new era in our commercial prosperity; but till lately we were not aware that her well assorted live stock contained an individual of such far-famed notoriety as George Church, "the whisperer." His extraordinary feats, and skill in the taming of wild horses, have been witnessed, and their fame rehearsed in even the wilds of Australia, and since his arrival here, we have been eye-witness to his superior powers over the noblest animal in the brute creation. These powers seem to be hereditary, as his maternal grand-father, Terry Sullivan, created as great astonishment in the minds of the gentry, and Charles O'Malleys, of our grandsire's time, as our friend George Church now does in those of the squatters of New South Wales, or settlers in New Zealand. We believe he has been eminently successful with his Excellency's mare, besides several horses belonging to the military stationed here, Captain Atkins' and Mr. White's of the police.—*New Zealand Southern Cross.*

The Working Classes.—The condition of the working classes, (writes the eminent author of a pamphlet entitled *the Revolution in France*, published by Effingham Wilson,) is a spectacle to make the angels weep. Think of what man is—how wonderfully and fearfully made—"How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel, in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" and see what society makes of this god-like being! All men are of one blood, one nature; whether they be born in the palace or the hovel. Names cannot alter the essence of things. By calling a number of human beings the working classes, you cannot make them forego the constitution, mental and physical, with which it has pleased Providence to endow them. What is good for the noble is good for the peasant; nothing can be pernicious to the one that is not equally so to the other. If, therefore, you show a contemptuous disregard of the natural rights of any class of men, you insult not that class alone; but, through them, human nature itself. The natural rights of men are all included in the power of living in accordance with his constitution. He is so constituted that more than a certain amount of toil is hurtful both to his body and mind; that unless his moral and intellectual faculties receive their due share of culture, from being but a little lower than the angels, he degenerates, at best, to a condition but little higher than the purely animal. There is no evading this law; the ordination of an all-just God, a God who will not be disobeyed.

Baptism of a Man Going to be Hanged.—At least, he was sprinkled, and this passed for baptism, or, as the folks term it, being "kersened," *i.e.* "made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven." This happened in the instance of William Dawson, who, at the last Durham Assizes, was convicted of having shot the game-keeper of the Duke of Cleveland, and who, also, with his accomplice, Thompson, was left for execution. It seems that the early guardians of the former had put no faith in the christening rite, so that, in his case, it was omitted; but the unhappy man, it appears, was now informed that, without this, he could not have "the Sacrament," nor Christian burial, and, of course, could not "inherit the kingdom of Heaven." But query,—if he is now made a fit inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven, and so destined forever to live in a "holy Heaven," can he be unfit to live out his "little hour" in a world like this? And if the State Church can so far prevail as to transform one convicted of murder into "a member of Christ," &c. could it not also, being one with the State, have allowed him the so-much smaller grace of living to the end of his breath in this world? A child of God, yet hanged like a dog! A member of Christ, and yet hanged like dog! An inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven, and yet thus shamefully cut off from the earth! Can this be a service acceptable and well pleasing in the sight of God and of his Christ? And by whom is it done? Children of God hanging a child of God! Members of Christ hanging a member of Christ! And inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven hanging a man they had themselves just now made an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, and with whom they expect to dwell in Heaven forever! If the man's thoughts were at liberty, what might one fancy that his thoughts would be, as he looked at the two individuals, his solitary attendants under the fatal tree?

"My bane and antidote are both before me;
This in a moment brings me to my end;
And this informs me I shall never die."

"But then," might it be added, "how vastly contrarious must be those several authorities that have sent me these two messengers—one to destroy my body and the other to save my soul!" But it is one authority, that, namely, which is styled the Crown that has sent both one and the other!—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

Death of Lord Ashburton.—We regret to announce the death of Lord Ashburton, formerly Mr. Alexander Baring, which took place on Friday, the 14th instant, at Longleat, Wiltshire, at the seat of his grandson, the youthful Marquis of Bath. His Lordship died in his 75th year, surrounded by his family, and has thus speedily followed to the grave his two brothers, Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. and Mr.